Watson's Magazine

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THOMSON, GEORGIA

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Vol. XXV MAY, 1917 No. 1

King Henry VIII., His Wives, and His Children.

Sketches of Contemporaneous Kings, Queens, and Popes.

IT is necessary that we should now take a general survey of the Continental countries, so far as their progress bears upon that of England.

Dr. William Robertson's "History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V." is prefaced by a long, learned, and masterly chapter on the General progress of Society in Europe; and from this source I will draw such facts as may add special interest to my own narrative.

Dr. Robertson says: "If a man were called to fix upon the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most calamitous and afflicted, he would without hesitation name that which elapsed from the death of Theodosius the Great to the establishment of the Lombards in Italy."

(Page 12 of Introductory Chapter "Charles V.")

As Theodosius died in 395, and the Lombard kingdom of Alboin was erected in Italy in 571, this darkest period of human history lasted 176 years of the Christian era.

Naturally, the question suggests itself, "Was there *ever* a bright and happy period of human existence, and if so, *when?*

In almost the same words used by Robertson, the historian Gibbon says: "If a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world, during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus." (Gibbon's Rome, 1:95.)

As Domitian was assassinated in the year 96, and Commodus ascended the throne in 180, this happiest human era embraced less than a century: and the philosopher must be pardoned for gently smiling, as he notes the fact, that the brightest period of human history fell to the Pagans, and the gloomiest to the Christians.

Of course, the defenders of our modern systems of government have lustily contended, that the "barbarians" who broke in upon the Roman empire, are responsible for the Dark Ages. These Goths, Huns, Vandals, Burgundians, Magyars, Bulgarians, and Franks had strong, broad backs, and the modern writers have laid burdens upon them, heavily. But it is an awk-

ward thing to admit, that the darkness set in with the death of Theodosius the Great, the first priest-ridden monarch who allowed the Roman prelates to ride him, *all the gaits*.

It was he who elevated the Nicene creed on the point of his spear, and compelled all Christians to bow down to it. It was he who outlawed religious opinions different from his own, and unleashed the hell-hounds of orthodox fury against "heretics."

This imperial Inquisitor was the lineal forerunner of Pope Innocent III., of Cardinal Ximines, of Torquemada, of the Duke of Alva, of Catherine de Medici, of Bloody Queen Mary, of Philip II., and of Ferdinand II. of Austria.

As all students of history know, the Dark Ages *were the ages of "Faith."* The barbarians had all embraced Christianity, some by choice and some from necessity. Clovis was converted by his wife, and he converted other tribes by his sword. Charlemagne extended Christianity, as Theodosius had done; and the Saxons chose Christianity, *with* life, rather than heathenism, without it.

The Avars, obstinate in their paganism, were *exterminated* by the chieftains who said they loved Christ.

The mental delusions which benumbed the human mind during the Dark Ages, were not of barbaric origin. No!

The barbarian was, first of all, A free Man: and while he had the primitive instincts of the wild animal, he was not infested with the mental vermin that breed in monasteries. The barbarian lived in the open, loved liberty; blazed his way, with natural passions, through the wilderness of natural life; and he gave evidence, in speech, deeds, mode of government, and manner of associating with his fellowman, that he followed the law of his nature.

It cannot be denied that the barbarians hated slavery, and were impatient of unnatural bonds of any kind. They could not even be disciplined for war. They met in tumultuous open assemblies, where speech was free, and where sounds of applause, or of disapproval, broke out noisily. The tribal congress was called The Field of March, or The Field of May, according to the time of annual assembly; and the very name "Field" indicates its open, general, democratic character. They chose their leaders for their military expeditions; and they chose their rulers in civil affairs. The king was never absolute. The voice of the people was heard in the council, and this council curbed the king.

With remarkable unanimity, all the authorities, from Tacitus to Grotius, agree on this vital, controlling fact. Julius Cæsar, deeply impressed by it, wrote, that the government of the Gauls was so constituted that, while the king had power over his people, *they also had power over him.* (Cæsar's Gallic War: book 5.)

It was fundamental among the unwritten laws of the "barbarians," that no free man could be deprived of his liberty, save by his own consent; that new burdens could not be placed upon him, except by the majority of the assembly; and that no law could be arbitrarily changed.

Grotius reminds us that the Gothic laws did not, *like the Roman*, depend upon the will of the Prince, but were made by the joint act of Prince and People!

Grotius mentions three great advantages, incident to this system: (1) That nothing hurtful to the public can be hid, where there are so many who take part; (2) That the Law, being made by common consent, is freely obeyed; (3)That the laws so made are never altered without great cause. (Grotii proleg. ad hist. de rebus Gothicis, pag. 65.)

The *Coronation Oath*, itself, is a monument to the care of our ancestors for the preservation of their liberties, since it dates back to very remote ages, and invariably *pledged the king to the laws.*

Thus in the year 877, Louis the Stammerer, great-grandson of Charlemagne, swears that, "He will keep the Laws and Statutes unto his People

which were made by the Common Council of his subjects."

The Danes, Swedes, Goths, Angles, Saxons, Franks, Slavs, Huns, Vandals, Burgundians, Heruli, Gauls, and Lombards were all alike, in respect to the great overshadowing principle of popular power. Differing in manners and customs, they were absolutely agreed in the essential fact, that *the people* were the source of Sovereignty, and that the Law was above the Prince.

Inundating the Roman Empire, these hardy barbarians came into collision with Roman *arms*, and beat them down; but, coming into collision with Roman *ideas*, were at length overcome, by Romanized Christianity. The long, bitter, and sanguinary struggle, *is really the secret of the Dark Ages.*

During these centuries when the Roman Catholic idea was predominant, the light fled from the world, and mankind groped: as the primitive barbaric ideas of the Independence of the Individual, and the Supremacy of the People, began to gain the ascendant, *modern civilization had its birth.*

It was at the beginning of the seventh century, that the Bishop of Rome obtained from the Eastern Emperor, Phocas, the title of Universal Pope; and it was early in the 8th, that Pope Zacharias authorized Pippin of France to dethrone Childeric III., the last of the Merovigian Kings.

As Mayor of the Palace, an office which had become hereditary in his family, Pippin really had the royal power, as his father and grandfather had had it; therefore, when he propounded to Zacharias the famous question, *Whether he who had the royal power, should not be king in name*, the Pope's answer gave ecclesiastical sanction to what was going to happen, anyway. But the precedent of papal approval, sought and obtained, was set; and it had momentous consequences.

Pippin's son, Charlemagne, found the Pope useful to *him*, also; and there were favors, back and forth, until that epoch-making day, Christmas 800, when the monarch, kneeling in prayer, within the church at Rome, felt a crown placed upon his head. Pope Leo III. had crowned him Emperor of the West.

This was the papal reward to the irresistible sword that had conquered the idolatrous Saxons, the pagan Avars, and the anti-Catholic Lombards. (Duruy's "Middle Ages," page 130.)

It is possible that neither Leo nor Charlemagne realized that this act of crowning meant revolutionary changes in the history of Europe.

The Emperor was confident in his strength, and he continued to rule both Church and State with a strong hand; but it is strange that he never suspected that a time might come, when the Pope would be a masterful man, and the king a weakling.

Charlemagne went his imperial way, conquering vast domains, and presenting to his friend, the Pope, those territories which he and his father had wrested from the Lombards.

(This was the true beginning of the Temporal Power: the so-called "Donation of Constantine" was one of the numerous papal fictions and forgeries.)

A rancorous dispute over the worship of images sprang up in the Catholic church; and this dispute was the cause of chaotic disorders, and bloodshed, in the Eastern Empire. In the West, Charlemagne took jurisdiction of the question, decided it differently from the Pope, and the Pope meekly obeyed the Emperor! (Duruy's "Middle Ages," page 134.)

But Charlemagne's sons and grandsons were as weak as he had been strong, and the Popes began to fudge.

Inch by inch, the church encroached upon the state; and every time the Pope put out a candle, among the rights of State, he called upon mankind to witness, that he did it for the glory of God.

The grandsons of Charlemagne being at war with their meek and priest-ridden old father, it was a halcyon perio ! for the Roman church.

Finally, there came upon the scene another Pippin, having the power, but not the name of king; and so Hugh Capet took the crown, by leave of the Pope.

Silvester II. piously announced—

"Lothaire is king only in name; Hugh has not the title, but is king both in deeds and in very fact;" and consequently the sons of Charlemagne gave way forever to a power which had been raised by the great Emperor and his father. (987.)

Those who are familiar with the French Revolution of 1789, will remember that the deposed Louis XVI. was addressed by the revolutionists, as "Louis Capet:" this was his family-name, relating back to this usurping Hugh, who was nothing but the "Duke of France"—until a usurping pope dubbed him "King"—just as the ambitious Pippin had been nothing but the "Mayor of the Palace," before he and the pope agreed that he should filch the royal title.

The phenomenal advance in the power of the Papacy—so different from the teachings of the Apostles Peter and Paul and of Christ, himself—was based by the encroaching popes of Rome upon the Isidorean Decretals, "a collection of forged letters and Papal ordinances which had been compiled in France in defence of the interests of the clergy. These documents were employed for the purpose of securing to the Pope a kind of dictatorship over all the princes of the earth, and this naturally set him at strife with the Imperial party and with the Emperor himself." (Villari's "Medieval Italy," page 31.)

The Isidorean Decretals are now universally admitted to have been forgeries: for hundreds of years, no Catholic author has contended that they were anything else; but they were not questioned when first published, and they continued to be the unchallenged authority of usurping priests, during those *ages of faith* which they did so much to darken.

Upon no other foundation than these impudent and clumsy forgeries did the Papacy rear its monstrous imposture, whose every material assertion of church supremacy over the states was palpably in conflict with what Christ had said when he commanded *his immediate priests to pay Caesar's taxes!*

The two Apostles upon whom the Roman church pretended to build its organization, had most positively and explicitly written a wholly different doctrine from that of the Isidorean Decretals; but the Bible was secreted within a few monasteries, not many of the besotted priesthood could read it, and none of the laity was allowed access to it.

Therefore, the Isidorean forgeries marched onward, triumphantly, overthrowing ancient landmarks; casting the baleful shadow of Superstition over European lands; penalizing intellectual growth; outlawing independent inquiry; classing Doubt as a heinous, unpardonable crime; and burning the mental explorer at the stake.

No wonder that the monk beguiled the tedium of his monotonous life in the monastery, by erasing a "Pagan" classic, and scribbing upon the scarce and precious parchment an edifying story of a Saint, who slew a dragon by squirting holy water on its tail.

Buttressed by the forged Decretals, the popes of Rome clothed themselves with the supernatural terrors of the Almighty: they were Kings of kings, and lords of lords: they gave and they took away.

Did the pope frown? Did he utter words of wrath? Did he launch thunderbolts of interdict and excommunication? Did he curse the offending monarch and his realm?

Then was the sun darkened. An awed hush fell upon the land. Sounds of gladness could not be heard, for no man dared to be gay when the Papa was out of humor.

The bells did not ring; there was no service at the church—and what could priest-ridden humanity do on Sunday, when the church was closed?

The new-born babe could not be named: it had to remain the anonymous infant of terrified parents, until the frowning face of Papa at Rome cleared up.

There could be no giving in marriage: ardent lovers who had set the day must needs postpone it, and take such measures on the sly as nature made somewhat compulsory.

Not until Papa's ill humor passed, could there be a valid wedding—with song, incense, bell-ringing, fees, &c.—in the church.

The sick languished without priestly consolation. No holy water, no holy prayers, no holy oils, no holy candles, and all the rest of it—at so much per item—could be had at the bedside of the dying, because the Papa was wroth with his children.

And the dead—what was to be done with the dead? They could not be given Christian burial, while the land lay under the interdict. No priest dared to officiate: no "consecrated ground" could be used. Poor Catholic corpse! it had to lie and rot, where its breath of life left it; or it had to be privily put away in some mere piece of common ground, which had never been blessed and consecrated by Papa's church.

As to the excommunicated King, his lot was doleful, indeed: he suddenly found himself abandoned, and regarded with horror. The Papa had found fault with him: the Papa had ordered him to do something that he had not done at all, or had been too slow in doing: therefore, the Papa had most righteously cursed him—cursed him in his head, heart, soul, and every member—cursed him, from his head to his feet—cursed him in his loins, in his bowels, and in his genitals!

With horrible detail and satanic malignancy, the Papa had cursed the King, and had damned his soul, forever.

Hence, no good Catholic must serve him, or be caught in his company. He must be left alone, until paralyzed by the isolation which froze his veins in his own palace.

He must not have the companionship of his own wife: his children must desert him, else they would share the awful anathema of Rome.

Is it any wonder that the stoutest monarchs, who never felt fear upon the field of battle, should quake and quail, when threatened with papal interdict and excommunication?

How queer are one's sensations, when he remembers that all this fearful, degrading, calamitous, damnable business *was absolutely forbidden in the New Testament*, had no footing in the Old, but grew out of Papal ambitions *and forgeries!*

The Dark Ages were not due to the hardy, rational, freedom-loving barbarians, who chose death rather than dishonor, who made adultery a capital crime, and whose respect for womanhood drew the wondering admiration of the Roman historians. No! The Dark Ages were due to *the suppression of the Bible*, and to the supremacy of the violent, unscrupulous, insatiable pope!

The climax was reached when the Emperor Henry IV. of Germany humbled himself before Pope Gregory VII., and stood three days, barefooted in the snow outside the castle-gates at Canossa, waiting until the haughty "Vicar of Christ" relented, and signified his willingness *for the state* to come into the Papal presence and be *forgiven by the church.*

This memorable triumph of the priest over Cæsar took place in the year 1077, less than 500 years after Bishop Boniface had trafficked for and obtained the title of Universal Bishop, and had commanded that the name of "Pope," heretofore used by all bishops, should be his own title, exclusively.

So long as a hateful idea remains a theory, with no physical exhibition of its hatefulness, it may escape physical opposition; but the scene at Canossa was just such a display of Papal arrogance as was calculated to present an object-lesson to the dullest minds. The mental picture of the German Emperor, stripped of his imperial robes, clad in the scant garb of the penitent, with the snow beating upon his bare head, and the ice covering his bare feet, *for three days*, while the "Vicar of Christ," sat at his ease within the Castle, feasting with his alleged paramour, the notorious Countess Matilda—here was a physical illustration of a hateful theory that was almost certain to render it intensely odious to all men whose souls had not been utterly unmanned by popery.

Not only in the Emperor's own feelings, but in those of the Catholics generally, a deep revulsion set in, immediately following the Canossa episode, and the army of *the State* forced the church to call for help to the Normans *and the Mohammedans!* The imperial troops drove the pope out of Rome and he took refuge among the Normans of Southern Italy, where he died of rage and shame.

On the part of the State, the struggle was continued under the German emperors, notably by Frederick Barbarossa, and by Frederick II., surnamed "The Wonder of the World."

Finally, a settlement was reached (1122) and was reduced to written terms in the Concordat of Worms.

In substance, the victory remained with the State: priests were compelled to obey the laws of the Empire, and to render allegiance to the sovereign for whatever lands held in feudal tenure.

To the pope remained *spiritual* supremacy, infinitely less than the Isidorean Decretals claimed, *but exactly the same that Christ claimed.* (Duruy's "Middle Ages," pages 243 and 4.)

During this long and sanguinary struggle between Church and State, the popes had set up the Inquisition in Italy; (1129) and had launched the awful Albigensian Crusade against the independent and literary people of Southern France, where filthy monks were despised, and mental culture fostered.

The songs of the troubadours were stilled in death; and over all that fair region of peace, plenty, and human joy-of-living, Pope Innocent III. swept the besom of war, which spared neither age nor sex, blending in one common burial of blood the father and the son, the mother and her babe.

"Kill them all!" shouted the pope's legate, when asked how the soldiers were to separate the Catholics from the heretics, in a captured city: "Kill them all! God will know which are His own." (See Duruy's "Middle Ages," p. 294.)

It was this same Pope Innocent III. who laid the "Curse of Rome" upon the Great Charter of our Liberties, and "dispensed" the perfidious King John who had sworn to abide by it. (1215.) *Duruy's "Middle Ages," p. 336.*

Previous to this, a Catholic monk, named Arnold of Brescia, preached in favor of *reason*, as against *authority;* and he demanded *the separation of Church and State.* He was the first of the medievals who ventured to question the government of the priests, in Italy; and to advocate the re-establishment of democratic republics.

What reply did the Papa make to this devout but independent monk? The Catholic monk was burnt to ashes at the stake, by Papa's command! (See Duruy's "Middle Ages," pgs. 248-9.)

The decisive battle between the medieval church and the medieval state was fought to a finish between the French King, Philip the Fair, and the pope who took the name of Boniface VIII. It commenced on the question of taxation. Should the Roman priests own and enjoy enormous wealth in France without paying taxes on it?

"Yes!" cried the pope.

"No!" answered the King.

And so the issue was joined, and neither potentate would give way to the other.

During the controversy, the pope published the extreme papal pretensions, not at all suspecting that the world had grown impatient of them, owing to facts which I will relate further on in my narrative.

Boniface declared that it was necessary to the salvation of every human creature that he should be the subject of the pope; and he addressed Philip in the following mildly admonitory words of truly Christlike meekness:

"God has placed us, unworthy though we be, over kings and kingdoms, in order that we shall root out, destroy, disperse, edify, and plant in his name and by his doctrine. Do not allow yourself to think that you have no superior, and that you are not subject to the head of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Whoever thinks this, *is a madman;* whoever supports him in it, *is a heretic.*" (Duruy, pgs. 375 and 6.)

Thus the pope, with characteristic

papal humility, professed himself to be a worm of the dust and the supreme lord of kings—an unworthy person, in himself, but God Almighty, by virtue of his office!

King Philip the Fair met the pope with aggressive obstinacy, repelled his absurd Isidorean pretensions, heaped scorn upon his vainglorious titles, scurrilously jeered at him in other titles which were shockingly irreverent; and, in modern parlance, may be said to have told the Papa to go to h—ll!

Then the fight was on; and the French monarch knew how to fight, as well as he knew how to write. He chose as his chief agent, in the physical campaign, the grandson of a man whom Pope Innocent III. had caused to be burnt at the stake, during the Albigensian Crusade. This was William de Nogaret, a lawyer of Southern France.

After King Philip had publicly burned the pope's "bull"—as Luther did long afterwards—he sent William of Nogaret, at the head of a military force, *to arrest the insolent pope!*

The lawyer made the arrest, and one of the Italian princes, Colonna, dragged him out of his chair and struck him, denouncing him bitterly the while.

However, Nogaret seemed uncertain what to do with the wretched old man; and while he hesitated, the devout Catholics of the vicinity ran to arms, and rescued the prisoner. Fearing poison, and overcome with impotent wrath, as well as remediless mental suffering, the aged priest soon expired. (See Duruy's "Middle Ages." Page 375 and those following.)

Thus fell, after 200 years of arrogant power, the monstrous papal claims, founded upon the most impudent forgery known to the annals of mankind. But while, in fact, papal supremacy was overthrown by Philip the Fair, in 1309, the Roman church continued to assert its theories, and continued its efforts to put them into practise.

We have already seen how these Isidorean claims affected the history of England, especially during the reign of King John, and how Henry VIII. at length made the same fight which had been successfully made by Philip the Fair.

When we contemplate the simple life and the entire absence of worldly ambition of Christ and his Apostles, we are filled with amazement at the contrast presented by the Papacy of the Roman Catholic church.

In the times of Jesus, John, James, Peter, and Paul, there was a very plain mark of division between God and Cæsar; and the words of the Master, as well as the writings of Paul and Peter, taught Christians to obey the civil laws and the civil magistrates of whatever country in which they happened to be.

From lid to lid of the Bible, and more particularly in the New Testament, not one verse can be drawn, without violence to the context, in support of a church which dominates the civil law and the secular government.

"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's!" Pay your tax, just as any other citizen of the Roman Empire pays *his*: thus spoke Christ, and thus he acted.

But the immediate successors of the bishop who had slipped a crown on to Charlemagne's head, and who claimed to have thus "restored the Empire of the West," usurped the authority to dispose of the crown at their own pleasure.

In this manner, the Pope became both God and Cæsar, blotting out the mark of separation which Christ himself had verbally traced, and which Paul and Peter so carefully re-marked.

But how could Christians in general be aware of what Jesus had said? How could the Catholic laity know what Peter and Paul had written? The Bible was hidden away from mankind, and not a single voice in Christendom cried out against Papal usurpation.

Were the Popes so much wiser, purer, and stronger than the Kings? Is *that* the explanation of the astounding phenomenon of popish supremacy? If not, what *is* the explanation? How did the priests manage to arrest the growth of the free, democratic principles and in-

stitutions of the "barbarians?" How were the germs of popular rights hermetically sealed, in clerical canons and customs? How is it that the historian who really studies his subject is forced to admit, that every precious principle of modern civilization—every jewel of civil and religious liberty, is a survival and expansion of the primitive, unwritten laws and customs of those much-belabored "barbarians?"

The Apostle Peter had written to "the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Capadocia, Asia, and Bithynia," as follows:

"Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake; whether it be to the King, as supreme, or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of them that do well. *For so is the will of God*," &c. (I Peter 2: 13, 14, 15.)

And Peter, who never dreamed that he was Universal Bishop, Prince of Apostles, and God's only visible personification on earth, wrote, again—

"I, who also am an elder, exhort the elders which are among you," saying to my brother elders, "Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking oversight thereof, *not by constraint*," (force or compulsion) "but willingly, *not for filthy lucre*, but of ready mind; *neither as being lords over God's heritage*, but being examples to the flock." (I Peter I: 1, 2, 3. I have transposed the words of the first verse, to make them clearer. The Italics are mine.)

The Apostle Paul had written to Titus, instructing him as to the duties of Christian bishops, each of whom was supposed to be "the husband of one wife, having faithful children."

"Put them in mind to be *subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates*," &c. (Titus 3: 1. Italics mine.)

Paul's very plain commands to Bishop Titus—written at a time when Peter was doing missionary work among the Jews of Babylonia and when there was no Bishop at Rome—are in exact accord with what Peter himself wrote to the Hebrews scattered throughout the Provinces of Asia Minor, and with the words of Christ when he was Jesuitically asked about the payment of taxes to the imperial head of the State.

Let us now turn to the words of the priest, Hilderbrand, whose tortuous and criminal course had at last led him to the coveted throne of the Papacy. Writing to the Christian bishops of the 11th century, he said:

"Deign now, I pray you, most holy Fathers and Lords, to make known to the whole world that, as you can both bind and loose in Heaven, so also on earth you have power to deprive of, and to bestow upon, every man, according to his deserts, *all* worldly things, be they honors, empires, kingdoms, principalities, duchies, marquessates, earldoms, and any other possessions whatsoever.

Since you are judges of spiritual matters, how great must be your power in merely temporal things!

Since you judge the very angels who have dominion over proud princes, what can you *not* do with those princes, their slaves?

Let the kings and rulers of this world learn today the greatness of your authority."

Referring to the dethronement of the Emperor of Germany, Henry IV., Pope Gregory adds:

"Let your judgment then be accomplished upon this Henry, so promptly, that all the world may see and acknowledge that *he falls*, not by chance, but *by your power!*"

(Done at Rome, March 7, 1080. "The Day of the Nones of March. Indiction III.")

Upon what ground was this Emperor of Germany deposed by the head of the Christian church, West?

Was it for crimes and vices, murders and rapes, forgeries and seductions, drunkenness and neglect of his duties?

No! The very terms of the furious decree which Pope Gregory launched against him show, that he was dethroned for "disobedience!"

In the rancorous language which has made papal curses famous for their verbal diabolism, the enraged priest wrote—

"I excommunicate and curse Henry . . . . I depose him from the Kingdom of Germany and the government of Italy, and strip him of all regal power and dignity. I forbid any Christian to obey him as his King, and I absolve from their oaths those who may have sworn, *or who may hereafter swear*, fealty to him. May he, with all his supporters, be impotent in battle," &c.

Then the head of the church of Christ proceeds, in words, to give to Rudol of Swabia the crown and government that had been taken from the lineal, hereditary heir, Henry IV.!

Here was a fine growth of ecclesiastical power, since the days of Peter and Paul; since the days when Constantine summoned the bishops to General Council; since the days when Charlemagne overruled the Pope in matters of worship; since the days when the German emperors—the troubles at Rome having temporarily depressed the Papacy—nominated the Popes, and even placed a German upon the Papal throne!

With that key in his hands, is there any intelligent student who cannot unlock the dread mystery of the Dark Ages? With that clue, can there be any doubt as to the guilt?

No such monster as that created in the brains of Roman bishops, frenzied with pride and ambition, had ever before been loosed upon the human race.

One man, to act as both God and King, church and state—what could such a foul union of actual sordid ambition with pretended Christian piety do, except give birth to ages of strife, chaos, bloodshed, and grewsome superstitions—ages which were Dark, because classic literature had been destroyed; secular schools closed; secular minds paralyzed; secular princes reduced to servitude; secular peoples oppressed; the Labor's millions enslaved; and Woman dishonored, as the foul vessel that had brought sin into the world?

One of the immediate results of the preposterous claims of Pope Gregory VII. was, that he felt compelled to call for help upon the Normans and the "*Infidel*" Saracens; and these foreigners came into the Eternal City as conquerors of Italian *Christians*.

The head of the church of Christ, West, had gone so mad with pride and ambition, that he was unconscious of the enormity of what he was doing.

Lest you think I exaggerate, let me quote the lines in which another historian pictures the awful consequences of the Pope's insane usurpation: the quotation is from pages 231 and 2 of Dr. Arnold Jobson Mathew's "Life and Times of Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII."

The troops of Robert Guiscard—"Christian" Normans and "pagan" Saracens alike—spread through the city, treating it with all the cruelty suffered by a captured town, pillaging, violating, murdering wherever they met with opposition. A large part of the old City between the Colosseum and the church of St. John Lateran was burnt, and the Colosseum was partially destroyed. The Saracens, who had been foremost in the pillage, were now foremost in the conflagration and massacre. No religious house was secure from plunder, murder and rape. Nuns were violated, matrons forced, and the rings cut from their living fingers. Besides those murdered, thousands of Romans, both men and women, their hands tied behind their backs, were made to defile before Guiscard's host, and then sold as slaves; some of them were taken away to Calabria and sold "like Jews," as a chronicler writes. "It is probable that neither Goth nor Vandal," writes Milman, "neither Greek nor German brought such desolation on the city as this capture by the Normans. From this period dates the desertion of the older part of the city, and its gradual extension over the site of the modern city, the **Campus Martius.**"

New Rome is built in the valley, on the banks of the Tiber, upon the **Prata Neronis** where Henry IV. encamped. The heights about the Lateran have remained almost silent and deserted, while the traces of the passage of the Normans are still visible, and the undulations of the ground cover, while they still indicate, the outlines of ancient Rome. In his history of Milan, Landulf, an enemy of Gregory's, points the bitter and amazing contrast between the Pope himself—the Vicar of Christ on Earth—and the Pope's deliverer and allies; and lays all to Gregory's charge —**filiis mali chrismatis, filiabus pejus consecratis**; the baptism of blood for Rome's sons, the infamous laying-on of hands for her daughters; while Paul of Bernried, a Gregorian, passes over the horrors of the time of silence. Bonitho goes further in his Gregorian sympathies, and relates and

triumphs over the Normans vengeance, and with unprecedented callousness suggests that these unfortunate Romans deserved their fate—to be sold like Jews—because, like the Jews, they had betrayed their Pastor!

So great was the misery in Rome that Gregory dared not trust himself in the city without his foreign guard. As Robert Guiscard wished to leave Rome and withdrew all his troops from the city, the only course left to Gregory was to depart also in the company of the Norman duke. He left the smoking ruins and desolated streets, and travelled first to Monte Cassino, and thence to Salerno. To Rome he never returned; death came slowly upon him at Salerno.

The preliminary sketch printed as an introduction to the monumental "History of the Popes," by the Catholic, Louis M. DeCormenin, is so well done, that I give it here, as a light from a Catholic source, upon the general character of the men who had acted as God-on-earth, up to the time that Henry VIII. departed this life.

We arrive at the epoch when Constantine placed Christianity upon the throne. From thence we see Christians, animated by a furious zeal, persecuting without pity, fanning the most extravagant quarrels, and constraining pagans, by fire and sword, to embrace Christianity.

Constantius Chlorus had a Christian concubine, the mother of Constantine, and known as Saint Helena. Cæsar Constantius Chlorus died at York in England, at a time when the children, whom he had by the daughter of Maximilian Hercules, his legitimate wife, could make no pretensions to the empire. Constantine, the son of his concubine, was chosen emperor by six thousand German, Gallician, and British soldiers. This election, made by the soldiery, without the consent of the senate and Roman people, was ratified by his victory over Maxentius, chosen emperor at Rome,—and Constantine mounted a throne soiled with murders.

An execrable parricide, he put to death the two Licinii, the husband and son of his sister; he did not even spare his own children, and the empress Fausta, the wife of this monster, was strangled by his orders in a bath. He then consulted the pontiffs of the empire, to know what sacrifices he should offer to the gods in order to make expiation for his crime. The sacrificing priests refused his offerings, and he was repulsed with horror by the high priest, who exclaimed, "Far from hence be parricides, whom the gods never pardon." After this a priest promised him pardon for his crimes, if he should become purified in the water of baptism, and the emperor became a Christian.

He then left Rome, and founded his new capitol of Constantinople. During his reign the ministers of the Christian religion commenced showing their ambition, which had been concealed during three centuries. Assured of impunity, they cast the wife of Maxentius into the Orontes, murdered his relatives, massacred the magistrates in Egypt and Palestine, drew from their retreat the widow and daughter of Diocletian, and threw them into the sea.

Constantine assembles the council of Nice, exiles Arius, recalls him, banishes Athanasius, and dies in the arms of Eusebius, the chief of the Arians, having been baptized on the bed of death, in order to escape the torments of hell.

Constans, the son and successor of Constantine, imitates all his barbarity; like him, he assembles councils, which proscribe and anathematise. Athanasius sustains his party in Europe and Asia by combined skill and force; the Arians overwhelmed him. Exiles, prisons, tumults and assassinations, signalize the termination of the abominable life of Constans.

Jovian and Valentinian guarantee entire liberty of conscience. The two parties exercise against each other hatred and merciless rage.

Theodosius declares for the council of Nice. The empress Justine, who reigned in Illyria and Africa, as the tutoress of the young Valentian, proscribes him.

The Goths, Vandals, Burgundians, and Franks, hurl themselves upon the provinces of the empire; they find the opinions of Arius established in them, and the conquerors embrace the religion of the conquered.

The pope Anastasius calms, by his justice and his toleration, the religious quarrels which separate the churches of the East and the West; but the hatred of the priests soon terminated, by crime, a life which had been glorious for religion, and dear to humanity.

Mahomet appeared in the seventh century. A skilful impostor, he founds a new religion, and the greatest empire of the world. Banished from Mecca, he re-assembles his disciples, establishes the foundation of his theogony, and marches to the most surprising conquests.

The Christians were divided by gross heresies. The Persians made a terrible war on the empire of the east, and pursued Jews and Catholics with an implacable hatred. All was confusion in church and state.

The bishops had not yet arrogated to themselves temporal jurisdiction; but the weakness of the empire of the west gave rise to this scandalous usurpation, which has covered Europe with butcheries, disasters, and ruin.

Pepin, king of France, allies himself in

succession with popes Zachary and Stephen. In order to cloak from the eyes of the people his usurpation of the crown of France, and the murder of his brother, he surrenders to the Holy See the domains in Romagna, taken from the Lombards.

Stephen the Third, an hypocritical priest, does not delay to signalize his new power, by the excess of the most frightful ambition.

Under Stephen the Sixth, fury is at its height. The clergy are divided into factions, and the pope is chosen in the midst of the carnage. The pontiff, after his victory, put out the eyes, and tore out the tongue, of Constantine the Second, his predecessor.

Charlemagne invades Lombardy; deprives his nephews of their inheritance; despoils his brother-in-law to punish him for having undertaken their defence, carries him to Lyons in chains, and condemns him to terminate his days in prison. Then Leo the Third placed a crown of gold upon his head, and a mantle of purple on his shoulders. But the descendants of Charlemagne could not preserve at Rome the influence this usurper had acquired, by granting to the popes the land he had taken from the Lombards.

Paschal the First, by a criminal boldness, put out the eyes and cut off the heads, in the patriarchal palace of the Lateran, of Theodorus, a high officer of the Roman church, and of Leo his son-in-law, because they had remained faithful to Lothaire. On the death of this pope the people endeavored to prevent his burial, and wished to drag his dead body through the streets of Rome.

Eugenius, his successor, occupies himself in transporting from the sepulchres of Italy putrefied bones, the frightful vestiges of human nature. He sent them into France, Germany and England, and sold them to Christian Europe.

Leo the Fourth has the impudence to assure the bishops of immunity for the most frightful crimes.

After the death of Leo, a woman mounts the chair of St. Peter, celebrating mass, creating bishops, and giving her feet to be kissed by princes and people. The popess Joan becomes enceinte by a cardinal, and dies in the pangs of child-birth, in the midst of a religious ceremony.

In the ninth century, the Greek and Latin churches separate. Ridiculous differences cause five centuries of murders, carnage, and frightful wars; and twenty-five bloody schisms in the west soil the chair of Rome.

The Arabs and Turks overwhelm the Greek and African churches, and elevate the Mahommedan religion upon the ruins of Christianity.

The Roman church maintains itself, amid troubles, discords and ruin. During this epoch of anarchy, the bishops and abbots in Germany became princes, and the popes obtain absolute power in Rome.

Stephen the Seventh, driven on by a pitiless rage, orders the sepulchre of Formosus to be despoiled, causes them to take out from it the dead body, and, horrible to relate, has it brought into the synod assembled to degrade him. Then this frightful body, covered with the pontifical habits, is interrogated in the midst of scandalous and infuriate clamour. "Why hast thou, being bishop of Portus, usurped, through ambition, the universal see of Rome?" Then the pope, pushed on by an execrable barbarity, orders his three fingers and head to be cut off, and his dead body to be cast into the Tiber.

Sergius invades the pontifical chair. He leads publicly a life, soiled with debaucheries, with the famous courtezan Marozia. Their son becomes pope, under the name of John the Twelfth, and surpasses them by his monstrous crimes. Cardinals and bishops accused him of incest with his mother—of violating the holy virgins—of adultery, homicide, profanity and blasphemy.

Gregory the Fifth cuts off the hands, tongue and ears of John and Crescentius, and makes them walk, thus mutilated, through the streets of Rome.

Benedict the Ninth is raised to the Holy See at twelve years of age, by the intrigues and gold of the Count of Tuscanella. He immediately surrenders himself to excess of depravity, and the most shameless debaucheries. The Romans, worn out by his outrages, drive him from Rome, and name another pope, Sylvester the Third. Benedict, by the assistance of his relatives, seats himself anew in the Holy See; but perceiving himself to be an object of universal execration, and fearing a terrible fall, he, by an infamous simony, sells the Holy See, and consecrates a third pope, John the Twentieth. He then retires into the palace of his father, in order to surrender himself to the most infamous pleasures.

After having made this odious traffic, the desire of ruling re-enters his soul, and places him a third time in this dishonoured chair. Alone, against the Romans, who held him in horror—alone against the two popes, producing a triple schism—he proposes to his adversaries to divide between them the revenues of the church.

These three anti-popes, by a shameful traffic, divide into three parts the patrimony of the poor, and boldly rule; the one at Saint Peter's the other at St. Mary Majeura, and the third at the palace of the Lateran; an execrable triumvirate.

A bold, avaricious and dissolute priest, purchases from the three popes their infamous titles to the papacy, and succeeds them under the name of Gregory the Sixth.

Hildebrand, the monk of Cluny, the poisoner of popes, the most deceitful of priests, usurps the pontifical see, under

the name of Gregory the Seventh. He launches his anathemas against kings; excites public wars; fills Germany and Italy with disorder, carnage and murder. He excommunicates the emperor of Germany; takes from him the title of king; frees his people from the oath of obedience; excites princes against him, and at last reduces him to such a state of misfortune, that the force of his mind is shattered. At length—extreme of pride and degradation—the king sought the pope "in the depth of winter, fasting, with naked feet and in his shirt, having a pair of scissors and a hair-brush in his hand."

Adrian, the son of an English friar, causes the emperor Barbarossa to hold the stirrup of his palfrey; and in order to add barbarity to his triumph, demands that the famous Arnold of Brescia should be deilvered up to him to be burned alive, because he had preached against the luxury of priests, and the abominations of pontiffs.

Alexander pushes still further than his predecessors his outrages against kings. The emperor Frederick, in order to free his son Otho, who was a prisoner in the hands of the Romans, supplicates the pope to absolve him from excommunication. The inflexible Alexander demands that the emperor should come in person to ask for his pardon, in the presence of the assembled people, without his robes or his crown, having the rod of a beadle in his hand, and that he should prostrate his face to the earth. When he was extended on the ground at the entrance of the church, Alexander put his foot on his neck and trampled on him, exclaiming, "Thou shalt tread upon the serpent and the cockatrice, and shalt crush the lion and the dragon."

Celestin the Third, affords a frightful example of insatiable avarice. Alexander had trampled under his feet Frederick Barbarossa, who demanded the liberation of his son. This new pope, for money, crowned the emperor Henry the Fourth, an execrable monster, who renewed the impious sacrilege of Stephen the Seventh, by exhuming the body of Tancred, that his head should be cut off by the public executioner. He put out the eyes of William, the young son of Tancred, after having made him an eunuch. He condemned the count Jourdan to an horrible punishment, having caused him to be affixed to a chain of heated iron, and to be crowned by a circle of hot iron, which they fastened on his head.

Innocent the Third preached the crusades against the infidel, and increased his treasury from the riches of the people. This crafty, sacrilegious pope, established the monstrous tribunal of the inquisition. Then he preached a crusade against the Albigenses, and despoiled the estates of Raymond the Sixth, count of Toulouse. He sent forth St. Dominick, with power to persecute with fire, sword, and unheard-of torments, the unfortunate Waldenses. The crusaders stormed the city of Beziers. The frightful Dominick, Christ in one hand and a torch in the other, creates the carnage, and sixty thousand dead bodies were buried under the ruins of that city, which was reduced to ashes. Toulouse, Carcassonne, Alby, Castlenaudary, Narbonne, Arles, Marseilles, Aix, Avingnon, were devastated by the armies of the pope.

Gregory the Ninth, in order to maintain his ambitious projects and the unbridled luxury of his court, levies imposts on France, England and Germany. He excommunicates kings, frees people from their allegiance, and is driven from Rome by his subjects. Raymond the Seventh, though a Catholic, but the son of a heretic, is pursued by him and despoiled of his estates. The pope sends a legate into France, to sustain this abominable war in Lanfuedoc and Provence. Raymond defends himself gallantly; and the people, tired of the insatiable avarice of Gregory the Ninth, refuse to pay the imposts, and force the pope to conclude a peace.

The pontiff, arrested in his progress, condemns Raymond to pay ten thousand marks of silver to his legate, two thousand to the abbey of Citeaux, a thousand to that of Grand Ligne, and three hundred to that of Belle Pouche, all for the remission of his sins, as the treaty signed at the door of the cathedral of Paris witnesses.

Innocent the Fourth, in the midst of his crimes performed a generous action, which reconciles humanity to him. He undertakes the defence of the Jews of Germany, whom the princes and priests persecuted, in order to enrich themselves with their spoils. In that barbarous age, a false zeal for religion served as a pretext for the most revolting injustice. They invented calumnies against the Jews, accused them of eating the heart of a newborn infant at the passover supper; and, when they found the body of a dead man, they put them to the torture, and condemned them to perish by the most frightful torments.

Urban the Fourth signs a shameless treaty with St. Louis and Charles of Angou, to enrich themselves with the kingdom of Naples, and divide the estates of the young Conradin. The pope overcomes the scruples of the king of France, and causes the duke of Angou to swear that he will abandon to the Holy See the domains to which he laid pretensions, and pay eight thousand ounces of gold every year.

Clement the Fourth continues the policy of his predecessor. The young Conradin returns to his estates, and fights a decisive battle, and is made prisoner, together with Frederick of Austria. After a rigorous captivity, Charles of Angou, by the order of the pope, condemns them to perish by

the hand of the executioner. The young duke of Austria was the first executed. Conradin seized the head of his friend, and received the mortal blow holding it in his embrace.

Martin the Fourth mounts the chair of St. Peter, and makes a sacrilegious agreement with Charles of Angou; the one a political tyrant, the crafty usurper of Sicily, the other the consecrated tyrant of Rome. Their cruelties excite general indignation. A vast conspiracy is formed; John of Procida, a Sicilian gentleman, is the soul of it. He engages Michael Paleologus to join it; goes to Spain to obtain the aid of Peter of Arragon, and hastens through the cities of Sicily to excite their minds to vengeance.

On the third day of Easter, 1282, at the hour of vespers, is the signal for the carnage given. At the sound of the bell, a cry of death resounds through all the cities of Sicily. The French are massacred in the churches, in the public places, and in private houses; every where is murder and vengeance. Ten thousand dead bodies are the trophies of the Sicilian vespers.

Boniface the Eighth becomes pope, after having assassinated his predecessor. He outrages the people, defies kings, pursues with hatred the Ghibelins, the partizans of the emperor of Germany, invents the jubilee to draw the wealth of the nations into his treasury, and excites so profound a hatred against himself, that the states assemble at Paris, by order of Philip the Handsome, to judge the pope. The archbishop of Narbonne accuses him of being a simoniac, an assassin, and an usurer; of not believing in the eucharist, nor the immortality of the soul; of employing force to cause the secrets of the confessional to be revealed; of living in concubinage with his two nieces, and of having children by them; and, last of all, of having employed the riches acquired by the sale of indulgences to pay the Saracens to invade Sicily.

Nogaret and Sciara Colonna are charged to carry to the pope the order to appear at Lyons to be judged by a general council. They arrive, at the head of three hundred horsemen, at the city of Anagni, the residence of Boniface. Meeting with resistance into the palace, and present to the pope the accusations against him. Boniface, transported by fury, charges Nogaret with injuring him, and curses the king of France and his descendants to the fourth generation. Then Sciara Colonna struck him on the face with his iron gauntlet, until the blood flew.

Clement the Fifth and Philip the Handsome accuse the templars of enormous crimes, and condemn them to the most frightful punishments, in order to enrich themselves with their immense wealth. By the order of the king, the grand master of the Templars, accompanied by his knights, is conducted to punishment, to be burned alive in the presence of cardinals and priests, who cruelly contemplate these bloody stakes.

After having divided with the king the spoils of the Templars, Clement the Fifth established his court at Avignon, and publicly abandoned himself to the most depraved debauchery, with his nephew and the daughter of the Count de Foiy. He preached a new crusade against the Turks, sold indulgences, and, joining ridicule to infamy, gave to each crusader the right of delivering four souls from purgatory; and the people have been scourged for eighteen hundred years under the pitiless rod of these criminal popes.

John the Twenty-second seized the tiara, seated himself on the pontifical throne, and said, "I am pope." In order to strengthen this usurpation, he launched his anathemas against the emperor of Germany and the king of France, persecuted sectarians, burned heretics, freed people from their allegiance, armed princes, inundated kingdoms with his monks, preached new crusades, sold benefices, and drew into his treasury twenty-five millions of florins, collected from all parts of the Christian world.

Benedict the Twelfth stops the depredations, arrests the imposts which his predecessor had levied upon the people, practises a severe morality, reforms the morals of the clergy, and dies in the midst of his apostolical labours.

Clement the Sixth buys from the celebrated Joanna of Naples, the country of Avignon, promising therefor three hundred thousand florins of gold, which he never paid, and declares her innocent of the murder of Andreas, her husband, whom she had caused to be assassinated.

Under Urban the Sixth commenced the great schism which divided the west; two popes were elevated to the pontifical chair.

Urban the Sixth ruled at Rome; Clement the Seventh, the anti-pope, at Avignon. During a period of fifty years the two popes and their successors excited cruel wars, and excommunicated each other. Italy, Naples, Hungary and Spain, espoused the cause of Urban; France sustained Clement the Seventh. Every where brigandage and cruelty abounds, produced by the order of Clement, or the fanaticism of Urban.

The unfortunate and guilty Joanna sent forty thousand ducats to the pope, in order to strengthen her cause. By way of thanks, Urban caused her to be strangled at the foot of the altar. The pontiff had induced Charles de Duras, the adopted son and heir of Joanna, to commit this horrid parricide.

The prince having refused to divide with the pope the spoils of Joanna, the fury of Urban was turned against six cardinals, whom he supposed to form the party of Charles. They were thrown, laden with chains, into offensive dungeons;

their eyes were put out, the nails of their feet and hands wrenched off, their teeth broken, their flesh pierced with rods of heated iron, and at length their bodies, frigthfully mutilated, were tied up in sacks, whilst still alive, and thrown into the sea.

Clement the Seventh held his seat at Avignon, and levied enormous imposts on the church of France, in order to enrich the cardinals and satisfy the unbridled luxury of his court. His conduct was not at all inferior to that of his competitor in violence, deceit and crime.

The two popes desolated Europe by their armies and those of their partisans; fury had blotted out the sentiments of humanity; every where were treason, poisoning, massacre. An endeavor was made to remedy the public calamities, but the two popes opposed all propositions which could restore peace to the church.

The schism continued under their successors; the cardinals not being able to overcome the obstinacy of the two popes, cited Benedict the Thirteenth and Gregory the Twelfth to appear before a general council, convened at Pisa; and, when they refused to do so, the patriarch of Alexandria, assisted by those of Antioch and Jerusalem, pronounced, with a loud voice in the church, whose doors were opened, and in the presence of the assembled multitude, the definite sentence of deposition against them.

Alexander the Fifth endeavored to strengthen the union of the church, to reform the morals of the clergy, to give the sacred charges to virtuous men, and died of a poisoned clyster, administered by the orders of the cardinal Baltheazar Cossa. This base assassin assembled the conclave, and, seizing the pontifical mantle, placed it on his shoulders, exclaiming, "I am the pope."

The affrighted cardinals confirmed the election of John the Twenty-third; but the deposed popes, Benedict the Thirteenth and Gregory the Twelfth, revived their pretensions to the see of Rome; an horrible war, excited by anathemas, fills Prussia and Italy with blood. The empire has three emperors, as the church has three popes, or rather the church and the empire have no heads.

A general council assembles, and proceeds to the deposition of Pope John the Twenty-third. The bishops and cardinals accuse him of murders, incest, poisoning and sodomy; of having seduced and carried on a sacrilegious intercourse with three hundred religious women; of having violated three sisters; and of having confined a whole family, in order to abuse the mother, son and father.

Martin the Fifth burned alive John Huss and Jerome of Prague, the leaders of a new sect, which preached against the disorders of the priests and the ambition of the pontiffs, and led men back to sentiments of humanity. He then organizes a crusade against Bohemia; but the inhabitants of this wild country, exalted by generous principles of liberty, contend with courage against fanaticism. Embassadors are sent to Prague, with proposals for peace, and the Bohemians reply, "that a free people have no need of a king."

The legates of the pope and the emperor command in person the armies sent against the Bohemians, to prevent their communing in the two kinds, bread and wine. Frightful madness. For a subject so trifling Germany is given up to the horrors of a civil war; but the cause of the people is triumphant. The troops of the emperor are defeated in many engagements, and the army of the legates is cut to pieces.

Eugenius the Fourth mounts the Holy See; he confirms as legate in Germany Julian Cæsar, in order to exercise cruel persecutions against the Hussites. During his reign an important act transpires; a struggle takes place between the powers of the church, the council of Basle endeavors to bring under subjection the power of the popes, aand the pope declares that his see is beyond the reach of councils. The fathers make a terrible decree, declare Eugenius the Fourth a profanator, incorrigible, and a scandal to the church, and depose him from the papacy.

Felix the Fifth is nominated as pope, and Eugenius becomes the anti-pope. The councils of Florence and Basle excommunicate each. Depositions, violence, cruelty succeed. Vitteleschi, archbishop of Florence, is assassinated by the orders of Eugenius; divided kingdoms take the part of one or the other, and a schism is renewed which lasts until the death of Eugenius the Fourth.

During the pontificate of Nicholas the Fifth, took place the celebrated capture of Constantinople by the Turks; the pontiff, solicited by the Grecian ambassadors to grant them succors of men and money, harshly refused, and we must attribute the loss of this powerful city to the perfidy of the Roman court, which sacrificed the rampart of Christianity, and basely betrayed a people whom they should have succored.

The merits and the piety of Calixtus the Third, elevate him to the pontifical throne, which he honors by his genius.

Sextus the Fourth employs all his care and solicitude in increasing his wealth. He augments the imposts, invents new charges, and sells them at auction to satisfy the avarice of Peter Riere, of Savana, and of his brother Jerome, whom he had created cardinals, and who ministered to his horrid pleasures.

This shameless pope established at Rome a brothel, the courtezans of which paid him a golden Julius weekly. This revenue amounted to twenty thousand ducats a year. An execrable act committed by him is alone sufficient to render his

memory for ever odious. The family of the cardinal of Saint Lucia having presented to him a petition, that he (the cardinal) should be permitted to commit sodomy during the three warmest months of the year, he wrote at the bottom of the petition, "Let it be as desired."

He then formed a conspiracy against Laurent and Julian de Medicis, sends Raphael Riere to Florence, and during a solemn mass, and whilst the cardinal was elevating the host, the conspirators stabbed Julian de Medicis. Laurent courageously defends himself, and, although wounded, gains the sacristy. The people precipitate themselves upon the conspirators, disarm them, and hang them from the windows of the church, as well as Salviato, archbishop of Pisa, in his sacerdotal robes.

Innocent the Eighth succeeds Sextus. His election cost him more than all the treasures of the Holy See; the resources were exhausted, but the genius of the pope remained. He appointed fifty-two venders of bulls, whom he charged to squeeze the people, and joined to them twenty-six secretaries, who each lodged with him two thousand five hundred marks of gold. His private life was defiled by the vilest scandals. Educated at the court of king Alphonso, of Sicily, he had contracted the frightful vice of sodomy. His remarkable beauty had procured him admission into the family of Philip, cardinal of Bolonga, as the minister to his monstrous pleasures. On the death of his protector he became the minion of Paul the Second, and of Sextus, who elevated him to the cardinalship.

The grand master of Rhodes delivered to Pope Innocent the young prince Zizimus, to protect him from the pursuit of his brother Bajazet. The sultan of Egypt sends embassadors to offer to the pope four hundred thousand ducats and the city of Jerusalem in exchange for prince Zizimus, whom he wishes to place at the head of his troops, in order to march against Constantinople, and engages to restore that city to the Christians; but the sultan Bajazet bid higher, and the pontiff retained Zizimus a prisoner in his states.

We enter now upon the reign of a pope who, by the admission of all historians, is the most dreadful of all men who have affrighted the world. A depravity hitherto unknown, an insatiable cupidity, an unbridled ambition, a cruelty more than barbarous—such were the horrid qualities of Roderick Borgia, chosen pope, by the title of Alexander the Sixth. His passions were so unbridled that, having become enamoured of a widow who had two daughters, not content with the mother, he bent the daughters also to his desires; he caused one of them to be placed in a convent, and continued his incest with the most beautiful, whom they call Rosa Vanozza.

She bore him five children, one of whom was the famous Cæsar Borgia, who would have surpassed the crimes of his father, if the devil himself could have equalled them.

During the pontificate of Innocent, assassins and bandits had also increased in number, that the cardinals, before entering the conclave, fortified their dwellings with musketry, and pointed cannon along the streets. Rome was become a public market, where all holy charges were for sale; Roderick Borgia publicly bought the suffragees of twenty-two cardinals, and was proclaimed pope.

Armed with the sacerdotal power, his execrable vices daily increased; he delivered himself up to the most monstrous incest, and horrible to relate, the two brothers, Francis and Cæsar, mingled their infamous pleasures with their father's in the embraces of their sister Lucretia.

The immoderate ambition of the pope knew no bounds; all laws, human and divine, were trampled under foot. He forms alliances and breaks them; he preaches crusades, levies imposts in Christian kingdoms, inundates Europe with his legions of monks, enriches himself with the wealth they carry to him, and calls Bajazet into Italy to oppose the king of France. Later, his policy causes him to seek the aid of Charles; and, protected by the French, he undertakes the ruin of the petty sovereigns of Romagna. He puts some to death by the dagger, others by poison, fills all minds with dread, and prepares for Cæsar Borgia the absolute dominion of Italy.

His insatiable avarice invented the most sacrilegious means of enriching itself; he sold the sacred charges, the altars, even Christ himself, and then took them back again to sell again the second time. He nominated the cardinal of Modena as distributor of his graces and dispensations; in the name of this minister of iniquity he sold honors, dignities, marriages, divorces; and as the simony of the cardinal did not bring in sums sufficiently large to sustain the extravagance of the family of Alexander, he administered to him the fatal poison of the Borgias, to obtain for himself the immense riches which he had amassed.

He made promotions to cardinalships, receiving payment therefor; then declaring the Holy See the heir of the property of prelates, he poisoned them, in order to enrich himself with their spoils. All these crimes still did not afford him sufficient money, and he published that the Turks were about to wage war against Christianity, and under the veil of religion he extorted sums so enormous, that they surpass belief. At last Alexander the Sixth, soiled with murders, debaucheries and monstrous incests, having invited to sup two cardinals, whose heirs he wished to become, took the poison destined for them, and rendered up his execrable soul to the devil.

The people, tired of the insupportable yoke of the bishops of Rome, and ruined by the insatiable avidity of the priests, commenced waking from the lethargic sleep into which they had been plunged. Luther, a monk of the order of the Augustines, sallies from his retreat, rises against Leo the Tenth and the indulgences, draws people and rulers to his new doctrine, strengthens it with all the power of his genius, and snatches from the tyranny of the popes the half of Europe.

Clement the Seventh, by his perfidy, excites the wrath of the emperor, Charles the Fifth. Rome is delivered up to pillage during two entire months; houses are sacked, females violated. The army of the Catholic king committed more atrocities than pagan tyrants had invented against the Christians during three hundred years. The unfortunate Romans were suspended by the feet, burned, beaten with leather straps in order to compel them to pay ransoms; in fine, they were exposed to the most frightful punishments, in order to expiate the crimes of their pontiff.

Catholics and Protestants cover Germany with embarrassments, murders and ruin.

The mass is judicially abolished at Strasburg.

Paul the Third had obtained a cardinal's hat by surrendering Julias Farnese to the monster Alexander the Sixth; became pope —he poisoned his mother, in order to enrich himself as her heir, and joining a double incest to a second parricide, he put to death one of his sisters through jealousy of her other lovers, and poisoned Bosa Sforza, the husband of his daughter Constance, whom he had corrupted.

He launches anathemas against the unfortunate Lutherans. His nephews became the executioners of his cruelties, and they boasted publicly of having caused rivers of blood to flow, in which their horses could swim. During their butcheries the pope was plunged in his monstrous debaucheries with his daughter Constance.

During his reign Ignatius Loyola founds the order of the Jesuits.

Calvin, sublime spirit, causes his powerful voice to be heard, and continues the progress of the religious reformation.

Julius the Third fulminates his anathemas against the Lutherans, and puts them to death in the most cruel manner. Joining depravity to cruelty, he elevates to the cardinalate a young lad employed about his palace in the double capacity of keeper of the monkeys and minion to the pope.

Paul the Fourth excites the fury of the king of France against the Protestants, forms an execrable league for their destruction, and fills all Europe with his ravages. At his death the Roman people, freed from his frightful yoke, force the dungeons of the Inquisition, set fire to the prisons, knock down the statue of the pope, break off the head and the right hand, drag them during three days through the streets of Rome, and cast them into the Tiber.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Now

Ralph M. Thomson

A year ago each flowered glen
Seemed little more than noxious fen:
The autumn leaves of red and gold
A melancholy story told.

In every rose that blushes now
In every crimson shrub and bough—
In nodding fern and golden-rod,
Behold, there is a smile of God!

The Woman of Babylon

Joseph Hocking

This Story will be Issued in Book Form. Back numbers of the Magazine cannot be supplied.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HARRINGTON'S STRANGE BEHAVIOUR.

"Walter!"

"Yes, Ned?"

Daylight shone through the carriage windows. The summer morning's sun shone upon the two men as the young barrister spoke. The train was passing through a beautiful stretch of country. The corn in the fields was beginning to ripen; all Nature was in the fulness of its summer glory. The morning air was fresh and sweet. Walter Raymond looked haggard and exhausted; but Ned Harrington, although pale and worn, seemed far less tired.

"Did Joyce ever complain of heart trouble?"

"Never."

"You are sure?"

"Certain. Why, don't you remember that day just before you went to Plymouth, when we were all out in the woods beyond Esher, that we ran races, and Joyce outran us all? Don't you remember, too, that you remarked to me how strong she was, and how sound every organ of her body must be?"

"Oh, yes, I remember. Has heart disease ever been known in either your family or her mother's?" he continued presently.

"No; never to my knowledge. Certainly not in mine. As for her mother's side—well, both her parents are still alive."

"Has your wife ever complained of heart trouble?"

"Never; why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing. Only a passing thought."

The two men lapsed into silence again—Walter to brood over his terrible loss and to wonder what they should do when they got to St. Winnifred's; Ned Harrington to look out on the countryside, which seemed to laugh beneath the light of the morning sun.

When the train arrived at their destination, both of them looked curiously around them. Nothing seemed real. The thought that Joyce lay buried not far from them was like some ghastly nightmare.

"There is a good-looking hotel here, I see," said Harrington.

"Yes. What do you suggest that we do first?"

"I suggest, my friend, that we each of us have a cold bath. After that, we must have a good breakfast."

"I can't eat, Ned; I simply can't."

"Yes, you can, and you must. We must keep our bodies in good order, my friend, else our minds will not be clear. Some men profess to be able to think best fasting. I can't; neither can you."

Walter Raymond submitted to the stronger personality of his

friend. Although he was older than Harrington, and although he had hoped to call him his son, he knew that Harrington was his superior. He was greater in brain power, stronger in will. He did not resent the fact. Rather, he was thankful for it, and rejoiced in it.

While Raymond was dressing after his bath, he looked out into the hotel garden and saw Harrington wandering among the flowerbeds. When he thought to join him in the garden, however, he could not find him. Thinking he was in the hotel for breakfast, he sought him there; but in vain.

"I daresay he does not want me," said Walter. "Poor Ned! Perhaps in my selfishness I do not realise that it is harder for him than for me."

He opened an early morning paper and tried to read, but he could fix his mind on nothing. The horror of his grief got hold of him again, a burning desire for revenge filled his heart. He sat for some time, how long he did not know.

"Hulloa, my friend!" Raymond looked up and saw Harringtton.

"Where have you been?" he asked wearily.

"Oh, looking around the town. I have been studying the geography of St. Winnifred's. I have discovered where Dr. Jessop lives. We must go and see him presently; and I was at the post office doors just in time to see them opened."

"It must be splendid to have so much energy."

"Must it? Sometimes I wish I had less. Then perhaps I could lie down and sleep."

"Poor Ned!" thought Raymond. "I wish I could comfort him." But he said nothing.

"Breakfast is ready, my friend; come on," said Harrington. "I've ordered the most tempting things I could think of. Think of it! A dish of trout, caught only this morning. After the trout, ham and eggs. The sweetest ham you ever tasted, old man, and eggs laid today."

"Good old Ned," thought Walter. "He is doing his best to cheer me. It is something to thank God for, to have such a friend. Ay, and I trust I do thank God for him."

They sat down before the tempting dishes which had been mentioned, and as they ate Harrington seemed quite cheerful. It is true that often it was by sheer effort of will that he crushed his sad thoughts, but, on the whole, he was able to help Walter, who without him would have sunk under his grief.

"By the way," said Harrington presently, "you must not be surprised if I ask Dr. Jessop some foolish questions this morning."

"I shall be surprised at nothing," replied Walter wearily. "Nothing is worth being surprised about. In fact, I've been thinking since I have sat here that it is pure foolishness for us to be here at all."

"Why?"

"Because we shall only make everything harder. To hear about her, to know what she has had to pass through, and—and, well, to realise the mockery of it all is only to make the wounds deeper and to cause them to fester more."

"I should say that Ritzoom would be pleased if we acted on that thought."

"What has he to fear? What do the Catholics care about un-

friendly criticism? They know it will be quickly forgotten—and then——"

"Yes, then?"

"They will build churches, advance their plans, and ruin more lives with my father's money."

"We shall see. Anyhow, I simply can't keep quiet. I must get to the bottom of everything."

"I daresay you are right," said Walter wearily.

"I've made an appointment with Dr. Jessop."

"Indeed? You've been busy."

"We are to be at his house in ten minutes. He says he will give us from nine to ten. After that, he has to see his patients. Our visit to the doctor over, we will interview the Mother Superior of the Convent of the Mother of Sorrows. You'll remember what I said, won't you? Be surprised at no question which I may ask, however foolish."

"But why ask foolish questions?"

"It has a tendency to hide from the person questioned the importance of the questions which are not foolish. We had better be going now."

The two walked together to the house of Dr. Jessop. Raymond was not long in seeing that Dr. Jessop was a man of importance in the town. His house and grounds were large, while a look of prosperity obtained everywhere. It was impossible, moreover, to see the doctor himself, and not know that St. Winnifred's paid him a great deal of respect. His every movement, every tone of his voice suggested the fact. He had married the daughtr of a rich magnate. He was a country magistrate. His practice was of the most respectable nature. Everything about him seemed to say, "I am orthodox, gentlemen. I hate quacks of every sort. I am orthodox in medicine, orthodox in religion, orthodox on all social matters. I am a Liberal Unionist in politics. I am a moderate evangelical churchman in faith, and I have a proper scorn for all innovations, whether in the medical or religious world." Indeed, all these things came out during their conversation with him.

"Yes, gentlemen, I attended a nun who died at the Convent of the Mother of Sorrows," he said. "Mark you, I have no faith in, and no sympathy with, these convents; still, I was called there, and I went. To an evangelical churchman, it was all very painful to me. But there, I had to do my duty."

"The nun was my daughter," said Walter Raymond.

The doctor was duly impressed. He had heard that the deceased was heiress to a million, and he was prepared to be very gracious.

"How long did you attend her?" asked Harrington.

"Only about a week. I was given to understand that she had only been lately brought to St. Winnifred's. The convent authorities thought the place might be beneficial for her health. Personally, however, I do not think she was in a condition to be moved. She was very weak, and the disease had so got hold of her that recovery was impossible."

"Heart disease, I think you said?"

"Yes."

"How long should you say she had been troubled by this disease?"

"Very difficult to say. Probably the disease had been incipient from her childhood. Such cases often develop rapidly."

"Should you think that, had not the disease been constitutional, it would have brought about such an early death?"

"Not unless she had had an attack of rheumatic fever. Personally, I should say it was constitutional."

"Did she seem cheerful?"

"Yes. I should say she was of a cheerful, contented disposition. She was not one who was given to fretting, and she had a calm, placid way with her."

"Was she anxious to recover?"

"Oh, yes. On the other hand, she had a way of taking bad news very calmly.'

"Excuse me for asking these questions," said Harrington, "but naturally her mother will like to know everything that we can learn about her. Moreover, her father here has not seen her for more than two years, and everything is of interest to him. Therefore, I hope you will not think it strange if I ask you to tell me how she looked. That is, I should like your impressions on her personal appearance. Did she look very ill and attenuated? Did she give you the impression that she had been happy during her convent life? I hope you understand me."

"Oh, certainly. Is Mr. Raymond a Catholic?"

"No."

"Ah! It is very sad. Yes, I see. He will naturally desire to know how his child looked. Ah, yes."

"Exactly."

"Of course, I took no particular notice; moreover, now I come to thing about it, her room was rather dark. I should have ordered a brighter one for her had she been able to bear it. But there, now, let me see."

Dr. Jessop laid his crubby hands upon his knees; then he took off his gold-rimmed eye-glasses, and wiped them carefully.

"I should like you," said Harrington, "to be perfectly frank about the matter, and to speak as though her father were not here. To begin with, would you regard her as a good-looking girl?"

"Really, Mr. Harringtton, one is supposed not to think of such a thing when one is in a convent; but, yes, I should say that in health she would have been rather pretty."

"Rather round faced, and inclined to stoutness, as though the austerities of convent life did not hurt her?"

"She was certainly inclined to stoutness, and, now I come to think of it, she had a round face."

"Of course, her hair was cut short. I was wondering it two years of convent life had darkened it, and had taken away its curling propensities?"

"Her hair was not very dark, and it was certainly not given to curl."

"Her hands were still plump, I suppose?"

"Yes: I noticed that she had pretty hands, very small and dimpled."

"You were always accompanied by one of the sisters, I suppose?"

"Always."

"Did they call her by her own name, Joyce, or by her religious name?"

"They called her Sister Ursula."

"Did she seem to have any sorrows or cares?"

"Oh, no. I must say that for the effect of convent life. The girl seemed perfectly content, perfectly happy. I remember remarking on that to my wife. I said to her, 'These nuns seem to have buried the past, if they have had a past; they are without a care, without a worry.' Especially was this true of my patient. You can tell her mother that."

"Did she say anything about her mother, her father, her relations?"

"Not to me. You see, I was there simply as a professional man, and, I must speak the truth, I felt rather strange. Still, I had nothing to complain of. My patient had everything she needed. I never mentioned a delicacy but it was forthcoming."

"Her mind, I suppose, was perfectly sound?"

"Oh, perfectly."

"Would you regard her as bright, intelligent? You see, I knew her before she went to a convent, and I was wondering what effect these places had upon her intelligence."

"Oh, she seemed intelligent enough; but, as I say, I had no thought of testing that. What struck me was her placid cheerfulness and her contentment."

"And when the end came, did it come suddenly?"

"Yes, suddenly. It generally does, you know."

"And you signed the certificate without any hesitation as to the cause of her death?"

"Oh, absolutely. I told them when I was first called in that the case was hopeless."

"And you filled in the certificate to the effect that her name was Joyce Raymond, and that she died of heart disease?"

"Exactly."

"I suppose the Mother Superior gave you her name? That is, she told you she was called Joyce Raymond before she entered the convent. You did not ask her, your patient, to tell you her name?"

"No."

"Did you ask the Mother Superior any questions about the relatives of the deceased—or did you suggest that they be immediately informed of her death?"

"No; I naturally assumed that they would attend to all such matters."

"Did the Mother Superior seem very fond of your patient?"

"Oh, yes; very fond."

"Was she much overwhelmed by grief when she died?"

"No, I should say not. Of course, it is difficult to tell with these people. There were a lot of religious performances which I do not pretend to understand, and with which, being, as I think I told you, the vicar's warden in an evangelical church, I have no sympathy."

"Still, the Mother Superior seemed perfectly calm and collected?"

"Oh, perfectly."

"Did you go to the funeral?"

"No, I did not. I was asked to go, and I would have gone had I been able, for I was curious to be present at the burial of a nun; but I had an important engagement on Thursday afternoon."

"There is nothing you would like to tell Mr. Raymond, I suppose? I am afraid he is too much overwhelmed by sorrow to ask

any questions, but I am sure his heart is aching to hear any scrap of news about his child."

"No, there is nothing that I can think of besides what your questions have covered; but I would like to say this to you, Mr. Raymond—and I can quite understand your feelings as a Protestant—everything was open and above board. I know that convents are said to be the homes of mystery, and that secrets lurk at every corner. Well, I do not believe in their system, but I speak as I find; everything at the Convent of the Mother of Sorrows will bear investigation. Your daughter was treated with every kindness. I was told to come as often as I thought the case demanded attention, and that I was not to hesitate ordering anything in the way of luxury. Moreover, your child was happy. I hear you opposed her entering on that kind of life, and I agree with you. All the same, everything I saw compels me to say that these stories about convents have been greatly exaggerated. As far as I could see, everyone was contented, and everyone was happy. Every kindness was shown to my patient, and she died in peace."

"When did you say she died?" asked Harrington.

"About half-past ten last Monday forenoon."

"Thank you very much, doctor," said Harrington. "It has been quite a pleasure to meet you. At least, it would have been but for the distressing circumstances."

"I am glad to have been of any service, gentlemen. By the way, you gave your name as Harrington. Any relation to Edward Harrington the barrister, by the way?"

"Pretty closely related, I fancy."

"What! Not he himself? Well, I *am* delighted. It's too early to offer you a whisky and soda, I suppose? Yes? A cigar, then? I insist on that. I hope we shall meet again. Godd-morning."

Whatever might be their thoughts as they found their way to the Convent of the Mother of Sorrows, neither Harrington nor Raymond spoke on their way thither. Whatever their thoughts, they kept them to themselves. All the same, a keen observer would have noticed a look of wonder in Walter Raymond's eyes, as though some curious thought were struggling for expression.

Presently they came to a large building surrounded by several acres of ground. The lodge gates were wide open, and the two men entered. Neither of them could withhold their admiration of the beauty of the place. The convent stood on an eminence, and overlooked a fine stretch of country. The air was pure and sweet; the whole atmosphere of the place suggested restfulness and contentment. No jarring noises were heard; neither sight nor sound was out of harmony with the purpose for which the great building was set apart.

Even Raymond, embittered as he was, felt this. After all, his child had died in peace and sanctity. She had been saved from the temptations and hardships of life; she had been comforted at the last by the sacraments of the church she had elected to join. What more could he desire for her? But this was only for a moment. When he thought of Joyce as he saw her last, a bright young girl full of the hope and gladness of life; when the thought of her as a pure child of nature, a bright, happy, wilful, headstrong, yet loving girl, just as a girl of nineteen ought to be, and then, when he remembered what had taken place since, he felt like cursing those

who, under the name of religion, had promised her life, and dragged her to her grave.

They had not long to wait after they had sent in their cards. Their visit might have been expected. The Mother Superior came to them with tears in her eyes, and a sob in her voice.

"Ah, we loved her so much!" she said. "She was so good, so gentle, so pious. It is such a grief—such a loss. I know I ought not to grieve so. Such as she cannot be long before she enters Paradise. How can she? Besides, masses have been and will be said for her. Oh, we thought nothing too good for her."

And so she went on, talking at times almost incoherently, scarcely ever giving Harrington the chance of asking the questions that burned on his tongue. And even when presently he was able to put them, her replies meant nothing. Still, Harrington persisted.

"You say you tried to interpret her desires in everything?" he urged.

"Oh, in everything. She was so good—so gentle—so obedient. Such a true religious."

"Do you think, then," he asked, "that you interpreted her feelings by never letting her parents know of her death until the funeral had taken place?"

"Ah, yes—ah, yes—you feel that. But I was so overwhelmed, distracted, that I could attend to nothing. Besides, there was a mistake. I had it in my mind to tell Father Murdoch to do it, and really I thought I had done so. Then, when it was too late, I found out that I had not told him. After that we wasted no time. I know it was wrong, but please forgive me. I was so overwhelmed that I did not know what I was doing."

This statement was repeated again and again at different times until even Walter Raymond began to feel that the woman's sorrow was sincere.

"Where are we going now?" asked Raymond, when their visit at length came to an end.

"To the post office," said Harrington.

"Are you expecting anything?"

"Yes."

"Anything particular?" asked Raymond, noting the peculiar intonation of his friend's voice.

"Yes; I am expecting news about Joyce," said Harrington.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WOMAN AND THE NUN.

Some weeks before the events we have recorded had taken place, an important event had taken place in Joyce Raymond's life. She had taken her vows as a nun. From a postulant she had become a novice, and then in course of time she had taken those vows for which more than two years in a convent had been intended to prepare her.

After she had entered upon her novitiate, she felt for a long time utterly dissatisfied. The joy and the peace which she had expected did not come to her. More and more, in spite of penances and prayers and sacraments, she found herself thinking of Harrington and her father. Questions which for a long time had not come into her mind now obtruded themselves. Had she done right in believing that Harrington had forgotten her, and become engaged to a rich brewer's daughter? When she had been told of this, all her love of life went. Up to that time, almost from the first day of her coming to the convent, she had wanted to leave it, but after that the world became hateful to her. She had eagerly looked forward to becoming a novice, so that she might in due time become a nun and die to the world. But for that dread news she would have persisted in her desire to get away.

Still, she had taken the white veil, and had hoped by so doing she would realise the ecstasy of joy she had heard about. To become the spouse of Christ! What more could the heart desire? And yet, as we have said, after she had entered upon the period of her novitiate she had been far from satisfied. Often she found herself thinking of Harrington and her father, especially Harrington. She had carefully hidden the ring he had given her, and as she had hidden it she had said that she should never see it again. Nevertheless within a month of her taking the white veil, she found herself looking at it with eager eyes. Moreover, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary, snatches of the songs they had sung together came back to her mind, and with the songs, memories of the words he had said and the looks he had given.

Could he, she asked herself again and again, forget her so quickly? Could he who, up to the time of his meeting her, had kept himself free from all matrimonial engagements, so suddenly forget her and become affianced to another? Why should he? He was not poor, and he had never suggested the fickle, unstable man. Had she done right in doubting him? Nay more, had she done right in becoming a novice at all? She knew that her Confessor would tell her that such thoughts were suggestions of the devil; but had she? None of the ecstasy which she had expected had come to her, and the days and nights at the convents became long and wearisome to her. Perhaps it was her Protestant upbringing and her strong commonsense which began to assert themselves, but so it was. She began to question the use of all the daily routine and of the foolish, childish penances. What did it all amount to, after all? What good did such nuns as those in the Convent of the Mother of Sorrows do? They prayed according to rule, but why could they not pray as well in the world? Why were the prayers of a nun better than those of a good woman who was a good wife and a good

mother? Holy life! Her thoughts were no more holy now than they were when she thought of becoming Harrington's wife. Why were these nuns more pleasing to God than good women who did the work of the world? The distrust, the espionage, the petty jealousies which prevailed in the convent, they were so repulsive! Besides, was there any real virtue in being shut away from the world, away from temptation?

These and a hundred more questions haunted her. Her heart ached for home, ached for her father, and ached more for the man to whom she had plighted her troth. Her soul rebelled against the life she was leading, and she determined that she would take steps to leave the convent.

She imagined it would be quite easy to do this. If she went to the Mother Superior, and told of her doubts and fears, she would be allowed to leave. She had been told that all those stories about imprisonment in convents were so many wild inventions. Besides, did not that girl who left the very day she had taken the white veil find it easy to get away? If it was easy for this girl, why not for her?

She thought it all out very carefully. Calling her strong commonsense to her aid, she faced the question of the future. Of what did a nun's life consist? As far as she could see, it was made up of little items, paltry details, whereby little by little all individuality, all desire was to be killed. And this was pleasing to God! It was pleasing to God to crush all thoughts of love for home, for parents, for brother, for sisters, for lover! It was pleasing to God to crush all thoughts which might be called worldly! It was pleasing to God if she was not sorry that her hair was cut off! It was pleasing to God if she caught cold while staying very long hours at prayers! It was pleasing to God, this being hemmed in a gloomy building, year in year out, until the end of life! And then the end of it all! After ten, twenty, thirty, or forty years, if she lived so long, she would die, and when she went to God she would be able to offer him not life, but death; not an ennobled personality, but a life out of which all great positive elements were crushed. A nun's life was a continuous negation, and this was delighting to God!

Her nature revolted against it. She longed for life, for activity, for service, for love! She wrote a letter to her father, and told him that she wanted to leave the convent. As she handed the letter to the Superior, unsealed, according to the rule which prevails in all convents, she reflected that probably it would never reach her father.

She afterwards went to the Reverend Mother, who spent an hour in proving to her how sinful she was. She must not think of leaving the convent. She had taken solemn vows, from which no bishop had the power to grant dispensation. None but his Holiness the Pope could do this. This was followed by another and a severer lecture after confession. The priest laboured to prove to her that all earthly happiness was of the devil, that all thoughts of rebellion were sinful, that doubt was born in hell. God had spoken to her. If she disobeyed Mother Superior or her Confessor, she disobeyed God, and God's vengeance would be terrible. For her own soul's sake, the thought of leaving the convent must not be entertained.

Penances, prayers, fastings, midnight vigils followed, and little by little her will was worn down. She became very ill, too, and during that illness all thoughts of rebellion seemed madness. She had put her hand to the plough; she must not turn back.

Thus presently Joyce fell, from the standpoint of volition and intellectuality, into a state of torpor. What mattered? It was for her to obey, for by no other means could she obey God. Little by little the chains of the conventual system were strengthened. She felt as though her nature were contracted, narrowed. She was no longer the old Joyce Raymond, gay, wilful, happy; she was only the echo of her old self, a shadowy, bloodless creature, dreading to think for fear she should think wrongly, dreading to act alone for fear she should displease God.

By-and-by she began to grow indifferent to everything. Love was dead, hope was dead. There was nothing in life for her but the life of the convent. A feeling akin to death entered her heart. She would have prayed that she might die, only such a prayer would be wrong. Perhaps God in His goodness would take her to Himself.

And so it came about that Joyce ceased to crave permission to leave. Instead, she became more and more submissive to the will of her superiors, and when at length she was told that it was her vocation to become a nun she meekly acquiesced. There was nothing else she could do. She had no will to resist; the convent had done its work. She became lost to time; day succeeded day, and week succeeded week with so little change that it did not matter, and when at length she was told that the time of her probation was completed, and that it was time for her to take a nun's vows, it almost startled her.

The day on which she became a nun was marked by the customary ceremony of taking the veil. To all intents and purposes it was a burial service. If she were true to her vows, she was dead. She looked around the church, but no friendly face was near—she saw neither father nor mother, brother nor sisters. Why were they not there? Could it be as the Reverend Mother had said? Was it by her mother's wish that she should hear no news from home? Had her father forbidden every member of the household ever to mention her name again? Was Harrington married to the rich brewer's daughter? Well, it did not matter now. She was bidding her final good-bye to the world. All enthusiasm was gone; the ceremonial no longer moved her. She bowed her mind, her body, her will to her superiors. She had taken the vow of Holy Obedience, and the chief virtue of her life lay in keeping that vow.

Some time after the final ceremony she was commanded to come to the Reverend Mother's room, and, to her surprise, she found on entering that not only were three priests present, but three laymen whom she had never seen before. For a moment a blush came to her cheek; she seemed to feel a breath of life. On the table were several pieces of parchment, and, as she entered, one of the laymen scrutinised her closely.

"Your name is Joyce Raymond?" he said.

It was the first time she had heard her name spoken for many long months. Her heart beat violently. She wondered what was in his mind.

"That was my name," she said; "but in religion it is Ursula."

"You wish to bestow all your property on the Church?" he said abruptly.

She was about to say, "I have no property," when she caught the Mother Superior's eye.

"Yes," she said,

The man was about to speak again, when one of the priests interposed.

"My child," said he, "when you took your vows as a nun, you renounced all your worldly goods, little or much. You bestowed them on the Church in response for benefits received. Is not that so?"

He looked towards Joyce, who replied in the affirmative to his question.

"This gentleman is a lawyer," said the priest, "and he has put into proper form your wishes in the matter. Do you understand?"

"Yes, father," she replied.

"Then will you be pleased to listen while the lawyer reads the will you have made, and then you can sign it."

She listened like one in a dream while the lawyer read the document. After all, what did it matter? She had no property to leave, and she could not understand why all this fuss was made. Of course, she would sign it. She did not understand the terms that were used; her brain was well-nigh made dizzy by the wording of the document, but she had no doubt it was all right. She was quite ready to sign.

"Of course, the young lady is of age?" said the lawyer.

"She was of age yesterday," said one of the priests. "See, here is the certificate of her birth."

The lawyer looked at it carefully, and then returned it.

"Yes," he said; "of course her signature makes the deed valid. Everything she has goes to the objects mentioned."

He placed the pen in her hand, and pointed to the place where she must write her name. She could not tell why, her knees trembled as she wrote. Perhaps it was because it was the first time she had written the words "Joyce Raymond" for more than two years.

"That is all, my child," said the priest; "and you will be just in time for Benediction."

Joyce left the room wondering. The few moments she had been in the room had aroused something of the old life again. The request for her signature had made her feel that she still possessed a personality. For months her nature had been dormant, but now old memories had been revived; she lived again. It is true her act had been simply to sign away all claim she had to earthly possessions, of which she had none, and yet the very act aroused her to the sense of her own individuality.

Presently she returned to her cell, and began to think. She wondered why, seeing she had no property, they should get a lawyer to draw up a document disposing of property. She remembered some terms referring to lands, houses, shares, debentures, and a lot of other things, which she bestowed on the Church in return for benefits received. But she was penniless. The lawyer would have to be paid. Why, then, should the convent authorities go to such expense? Her mind was not very clear; but still the question haunted her. It did more: it gave her a new interest in life. Little by little it aroused her to a condition of mental activity. For months her mind had been in a kind of torpor. There had been no need to think; nay, more, thought had been discouraged, save thought which bore directly on religious subjects. And she had yielded. Little by little the atmosphere of the convent had dulled her mental activities, and taken away her interest in the world,

But now she was alive. The document she had signed caused her to remember terms she had heard her father and Harrington use, and this opened the floodgates of memory.

When she went to sleep that night the question still haunted her: why had she to sign a formal document, bestowing all her possessions on the Church, when she had no posssessions?

For the next few days, in spite of the fact that nothing disturbed the monotonous routine of the convent, she took a new interest in life. She felt more like the Joyce of olden time. Why it was she did not know, but it was the truth. The priest had told her that her signature was only a matter of form, but it awoke many questions in her mind. With those questions life continued to assert itself. She had taken the vow of death, but she was not dead.

A week after the signing of the document referred to something else happened. She was walking along one of the corridors which led from the chapel to her cell, when she heard a voice which startled her. It was the voice of the man but for whom she would never have entered the convent. Involuntarily she stopped. Ritzoom's presence seemed to deprive her of power of action.

"Does she know anything?"

"Nothing."

"She has no suspicion that she is a great heiress?"

"Not the slightest."

"She signed without asking questions?"

"Of course."

The voices died away as the footsteps retreated. No names were mentioned. The conversation which took place between Ritzoom and the Reverend Mother might refer to a thousand people, but her brain whirled. Somehow she felt that they were talking about her. "She signed without question?" were the words which made every nerve in her body tingle.

She felt thankful that she had a cell where she could be alone to think. She moved towards it with almost feverish haste, and when she had entered and shut the door, she recalled every word she had heard.

For a time her thoughts were confused, but gradually her old strength and individuality asserted themselves.

"She has no suspicion that she is a great heiress?"

Did that mean her? How could it? To whom could she be heiress? Her father was a struggling lawyer, who had been so poor that he had not been able to send her to a good school. It is true he had been making a better income while she had been at Bruges, so much better, indeed, that he had arranged to send her to a good school in Germany. But still, he was only a poor man. How could Ritzoom's words refer to her, then?

Her mind went back to the conversation she had heard between her father and her mother in the old days of their poverty and their happiness. She remembered hearing her father speaking of his father as a rich man. Had—had——?

Her young, vivid imagination began to take flight. A thousand possibilities presented themselves. Everything was unreal, nothing existed but pure conjecture, but everything made a difference to Joyce. If there were any truth in her conjecture, she had been made to sign a document not knowing the purport thereof. Even the bare possibility made her almost angry. What might it mean if she *were* an heiress? Would she give everything unreservedly

to the Church? She thought of her father and of his long years of devoted love: It is true he was not Catholic, and she had been told that he had been very cruel to her mother, but she could not forget his tender love for her.

Presently, however, the associations of the past three years grew stronger again. After all, nothing mattered now. Suppose she were rich, she could possess nothing. A nun could not have property; it was inimical to her soul's salvation. Besides, she had taken the vow of obedience. It was for her to obey in all things, to live the life of a nun, and not think of the world. No, no; all was past and over. Even if she knew she were very rich, and she were told to sign away all her riches, she would obey: there was nothing else she could do. Had she not taken the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience? And, after all, were not all her thoughts wild and groundless? How could what she had happened to hear refer to her? No, no; she must not be foolish; she must resign herself to the living death of the convent.

Nevertheless, when she awoke the next morning, she knew that she was not the Joyce Raymond of a month before. Poor fool, want of proper exercise, the narrow artificial life which she had led, fasting, vigils, flagellations, and the morally enervating atmosphere of the place had reduced her body to a nerveless, bloodless condition, and her mind to torpor; but a resurrection had taken place. She felt that some new influence were around her. The spirit of expectancy possessed her. Two years of living death, in which she had been trained to believe that petty trivalities were pleasing to God, would have utterly overwhelmed some lives; but Joyce on her father's side came of a strong, vigorous stock, and until she had entered religion she never knew what ill health meant.

Something was about to happen—what, she did not know; why she believed it she did not know, but she did believe it; and thus, when she received a summons to go into the room of the Reverend Mother she was not startled. She had no other thought than to obey—she felt sure that she should do whatever they might command her; nevertheless there was decision in her step as she walked, and her eyes were steady as she looked.

When she entered the Reverend Mother's room, she saw, beside the Reverend Mother herself, three priests, one of whom was Father Ritzoom. A number of papers lay on the table, suggestive of the papers she had once seen in her father's office when she had visited it.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A REBELLIOUS NUN.

She stood before the priests quietly, and looked from one to the other. What did this mean?

"My child," said Ritzoom, "it is my joy to hear such good reports of you from the Reverend Mother. She tells me that you have consecrated yourself wholly to your Divine Spouse, that you are making great progress in the religious life, and that your piety is most edifying to the community."

Ritzoom let his deep, mysterious eyes rest upon her as she spoke, and yet she did not feel his power as she had felt it when he had told her it was a sin to think of Harrington, and that in order to kill her love she must go into a convent. Still, she could not help being sensible to the masterfulness of his presence. Was he not a priest, and was he not deep in the councils of the Church?

"Thank you, father," she said meekly.

"It rejoices me to say this," went on Ritzoom. "When I think of the condition of mind in which I found you, two years ago, when I reflect on the terrible danger you were in, and then when I remember what the Reverend Mother tells me about you, my thankfulness is unspeakable. It always gives me joy to think of a young nun who shall become worthy of being a Mother Superior."

Again he fixed his eyes upon her. He had suggested to her the great ambition of a nun's life. To become a Reverend Mother! Such an honour generally fell to nuns who had been rich, or who were well connected, and for a moment Joyce's heart was thrilled by his words.

"A few days ago you signed a document whereby you legally enacted what really took place when you took your vows. Of course, it was a mere matter of form. A nun can have no property, and you, as a dutiful child, signed away all possibility of worldly temptation."

Again the priest hesitated, while Joyce's heart beat violently. Again the old doubts were aroused. She did not speak, but she listened eagerly.

"It is very unfortunate," continued Ritzoom, "but the English law is very peculiar. Even amidst your holy avocations I shall be obliged to disturb your thoughts by asking you to sign papers; but I will make it as easy as possible. All you have to do is to write your secular name as I shall direct, and then I need not trouble you further."

He held out the pen as he spoke, and with his left hand pointed to a legal-looking document.

"Why should I sign, seeing I have no property?"

The words came out suddenly. She had not meant to say anything, but she seemed to speak in spite of herself.

"Because it is my will that you do so."

She knew not why, but a rebellious spirit came into her heart. Something awoke in her being which had been lying dormant.

"But I should like to read what I have to sign," she said.

"My child!" exclaimed Ritzoom.

"I remember, years ago, that my father said it was criminal for anyone to sign a document without having carefully read it."

"You have no father," said Ritzoom.

The girl felt a great pain in her heart.

"Is he dead?" she gasped.

"He is dead to you," said the priest. "Those who enter the religious life die to father and mother. Besides, the man you called your father was an enemy to your soul."

Ritzoom felt he had struck a wrong note. He saw the girl's face harden, saw her lips compress. He would have recalled his words if he could, but it was impossible. As for Joyce, she felt angry. The picture of her father arose in her mind—the kindest and most loving father ever a girl had: a good man, too, whatever the priest might say.

"But enough of that," went on Ritzoom; "it is necessary that you should sign these documents, and when you have signed them you can return to your duties."

"I should like to read what I have to sign," she said stubbornly.

"Why?"

Ritzoom had not meant to have asked the question, but the word escaped him unawares.

"Because it means that I have property."

She was not afraid now. The feeling of determination grew. She was surprised at herself.

"How can you have property?" asked Ritzoom. "Were you not received here without a dowry? Is not the man you called your father a poor struggling lawyer? How, then, can you have property?"

"Why should I sign those papers then?" she persisted.

"Because—but it is not for me to explain. It is for you to obey unquestioningly, unhesitatingly. Was not this your vow? Sign, I say."

Stubbornly she placed her hands behind her back.

"Let me read what I have to sign," she said. All her old independence of spirit characterised her again. She felt angry at the way the man was treating her; the suspicions which had been aroused became convictions.

"Why should you wish to read?" asked Ritzoom. "Is not our word and our will sufficient?"

"I wish to read because I am an heiress," said Joyce.

"An heiress! Of whom?" asked Ritzoom scornfully.

"My grandfather."

It was only a guess, but it struck home. In spite of himself Ritzoom was staggered. The girl knew more than he expected. How did she obtain her knowledge?

"How did you know?" he asked.

Joyce Raymond was quick-witted enough now. The excitement of the moment had made her brain abnormally clear. The man's behaviour had aroused her innate independence of will. Besides, she saw that he had inadvertently given away everything in the question he had asked.

"My grandfather is dead, and he has left me money," said Joyce, with a woman's quick intuition.

"And what then?" said the priest. "You have taken the vow of poverty, and by that vow you have bestowed everything on the Church. You have taken the vow of holy obedience, and by that vow I command you to sign these papers."

"I want to know what I am to sign," she persisted.

"You were received without dowry," said the priest. "Suppose,

instead of being penniless, as you were when you entered, you have some little property, should you not bestow it on the Church which has bestowed such inestimable blessings on you?"

Joyce was surprised at her own courage.

"My father gave me a home for nineteen years," she said, "and if I have property I would not forget him."

The girl's stubbornness angered the priest. If she persisted in her refusal, the Church could not have the right to administer her property during her life. Numberless complications would arise. Joyce would learn that Harrington, instead of being married to another woman, had sought her diligently for more than two years, and then all the plans which he had so carefully prepared would end in nothing. He hated defeat, he had vowed that he would not be defeated, and her continued refusal made him forget himself.

"In the name of the Almighty! In the name of the Holy Virgin!" he cried; then, pointing to the crucifix, he continued, "By His holy cross and passion, and by virtue of your vow of holy obedience, I command you to sign these papers. Whatever you have, whatever you are, you have made a holocaust to the Church—body, mind, soul, you owe all to the Church. If you refuse, you refuse to obey God—you who have taken the holy vows. Remember the Church's power; remember the doom of the disobedient, the unfaithful, and sign!"

She was but a young girl who stood there before these priests and the Mother Superior; for years her mind had been warped according to their wills; for years she had been taught to attach a mysteic meaning to their offices, and to regard obedience to their will as her holiest duty. But she was not afraid. In spite of herself, in spite of the atmosphere she had breathed so long, Ritzoom had less power over her now than when he had urged her to enter the convent. She knew its life. She had realised all that the Church could give her, and she had not been satisfied. Besides, the fact that these people had tried to deceive her angered her. Her suspicions multiplied. Had they been honest with her all the way through, and had they not thought of this money from the beginning? Besides, with a woman's curiosity, she wanted to know what these papers contained.

"I want to read before I sign."

"But you could not understand."

"Then let my father come and explain."

She wondered at her own strength and daring.

"You who have vowed holy obedience to God, dare to disobey God! Think of it! Think of the awful doom which will follow! Sign, for your soul's sake!"

"Let me read what I have to sign, then. Why am I kept in ignorance? Why have I not been told of my grandfather's death? Why has not my father been brought to me?"

She asked the questions quietly, but with a kind of dogged persistence. The depths of her nature, which even the convent life had never been able to reach, kept on asserting itself; the old Protestant training was bearing its fruit.

She was sent back to her cell. When she had entered and shut the door all her strength departed. Her senses left her. First came a great confusion—then darkness and oblivion.

When she awoke to consciousness she was lying on the floor. At first, she knew not why she was there; she could not realise what

had taken place; but presently her memory asserted itself. For hours she sat alone, then presently a priest entered. He was very suave, very insinuating. He scarcely referred to what had taken place, but for the good of her soul he inflicted certain penances. Fasting, bodily flagellations, prayers. By this means her mind was to be brought into submission to the will of God.

The next day she was brought into the Mother Superior's room again, and again Ritzoom commanded her to sign. He pleaded with her, he urged with her, he argued with her, he threatened her. Her head became dizzy, her strength ebbed from her, but still she persisted in her refusal.

"I desire, i fI have property, to fully repay the convent for all it has done for me," she said; "but I will know what I sign, I will read every word, and I will understand."

What sustained her in her refusal she did not know. Perhaps her very suspicion of Father Ritzoom was responsible for a great deal. He had tried to deceive her in this matter, and if she had been deceived in this matter, why not in others? Perhaps, after all, Harrington still loved her. It is true she had been led to take vows, but her heart still cried out for him. She had entered the convent through fear, and since she had been there, although it seemed that she had acted from her own free will, she felt that she had been forced from one stage to another.

It has been said that anyone reared a Protestant, even if they become converted to Roman Catholicism, can never forget Protestant training, and therefore never become amendable to Roman Catholic usages, like others who are reared as Romanists. Probably this is true, for although Joyce stood alone against the cleverest and most powerful man in the Jesuit order, she persisted in her refusal. In spite of her "vows of holy obedience," she refused to obey.

At the close of the second interview, however, a new look came into Ritzoom's eyes, and he adopted a different attitude.

"You are not well, my child," he said. "You are not strong enough to bear even this slight contact with the world. You need not wait longer. Besides, I think your mind is unhinged. You have all sorts of wild fancies which have no foundation in fact."

"No," she said, "my mind is not unhinged. I know perfectly well what I am talking about."

"Nevertheless, we do not need you longer," said Ritzoom. "Moreover, my child, you may be perfectly at rest now. Nothing will happen to disturb your mind again."

A strange smile played around his lips as he spoke—a smile which made the girl shudder. She had not partaken of food for many hours, and she felt as though she could not resist his will much longer.

For hours she remained alone in her cell. How long she did not not know, for her mind was dazed by all she had passed through. All she knew was that it was after dark when someone brought her a bowl of some kind of gruel. She ate it mechanically, and then, after she had eaten, a feeling of drowsiness came over her, and she fell asleep.

Meanwhile, Ritzoom sat alone with the Mother Superior. They talked together for more than two hours, quietly, earnestly. The woman's eyes were large with terror; oft-times she started to her feet, and looked around the apartment as though she dreaded that their conversation was heard. As for Ritzoom, his face was not

blanched, neither did a nerve quiver. In his eyes was the same mysterious look, around his lips played the smile which had so frightened Joyce Raymond.

"You understand, Reverend Mother?" he said at length.

"Yes, I understand," she replied. Her voice was husky; her face even her lips, were ashy pale.

"I think I have explained everything."

"Yes, everything."

"The child is suffering here; she must be removed to another convent, to a place which is more healthy."

"Yes."

"Disease is marked upon her face. Anyone can see that her heart is not strong."

"Yes."

"I should say she had better be removed speedily—very speedily, and directly she arrives at her destination a doctor be called in. A doctor of high respectability—a Protestant preferred."

"Yes."

The woman spoke in monosyllables, seemingly without volition. During the early part of the interview she had spoken freely, at times passionately, but now she was quiet, subdued, taciturn.

"I think that is all—as far as you are concerned," went on Ritzoom. "I will arrange for everything—elsewhere."

"Very well."

Ritzoom left the room. A little later he left the convent. Although it was the height of summer, the night was dark. Had it been daylight, and had anyone seen him walking, that one would have said that he walked like an old man.

Hours later a conveyance came to the convent doors, and presently a woman, who appeared to be weak and ill, was carefully lifted out and placed in the carriage.

"Who has left tonight?" asked one nun of another.

"Sister Ursula."

"Do you know why she has gone?"

"I have heard that her health is very bad, and she is to be taken to a healthier place."

"Where? Do you know?"

"No."

"Ah, well, the poor thing has looked very ill lately. When I saw her yesterday she seemed like a ghost."

"Yes; I saw her too."

When Ned Harrington and Walter Raymond had left the Convent of the Mother of Sorrows, near the town of St. Winnifred's, in Loamshire, Harrington had offered a very significant remark.

"I am expecting news about Joyce," he said, and then he rapidly led the way to the post office, which was also the telegraph office for the town.

"Do you know," said Walter Raymond, after they had walked some distance, "do you know that we have forgotten one thing?"

"What is that?"

"We have not visited her grave."

"No, we have not done that."

Both men were evidently much moved. There was a look in their eyes which was difficult to interpret, and each seemed to be afraid to ask the other of what he was thinking.

"You do not wish to go?"

"No, I do not wish to go," said Ned Harrington.

The two men exchanged glances, and then neither spoke again until they had reached the post office.

"Is there a telegram for me?" said Harrington.

The girl looked at him keenly, and then handed him a brown envelope. Harrington caught the look on her face. "You have something to tell me," he said.

"No; that is, nothing particular," said the girl nervously. "Only it is a good thing you were so particular in your directions this morning."

"Why?"

"Because if you hadn't been I should very likely have given it to a man who said you had sent him."

"Ah! someone said I had sent him, eh?"

"Yes; but I didn't give it to him. I didn't like the look of him, and I didn't let on that one had come. You see, you were so very particular that I couldn't make a mistake."

"Exactly how long is that ago?"

"Oh, less than half an hour. You didn't send anyone, did you?"

"You did quite right not to give it to him. What kind of a man was he?"

"Oh, he looked all right except for his eyes—a tall, thin man, with a black beard."

"Just so. Good afternoon."

He had barely left the post office when he saw standing at the street corner, but almost hidden by a conveyance, a tall man, but he wore no beard.

Harrington made no remark. He did not look to see what the envelope contained. Instead, the two walked side by side towards the hotel, Harrington pointing out objects of interest on the awy.

Once inside the door of the hotel, he tore open the telegram.

"Come on, my friend," he said, as soon as he had read it. He led the way into the room they had engaged for the day, and then he took a time-table from his bag.

"Tell me, Ned, what is it?"

"I tell you nothing, except to hope."

"Hope what?"

"Hope everything."

"It's Ritzoom?"

"Of course."

"You do not believe she's dead?"

"I feel sure she is not. But we must be careful. Do not ask me more now. You heard what the girl said about the man who asked for my telegram?"

"Yes, we must avoid him. I see that."

"Yes; in spite of what the girl says, he may believe that a message has come for me. Walter, are you good for a ten-mile walk?"

"For twenty."

"Ten is enough."

They were both quiet. In spite of the tremendous issues which they believed depended on prompt and wise action, there were no ejaculations, no foolish waste of words. Walter Raymond had been thinking quietly, and he believed he had seen into his friend's mind.

Harrington spoke a few words to the hotel proprietor, and, hav-

ing paid their bill, they left the hotel. They walked quietly and slowly; they might have been tourists who had decided to quietly investigate the beauties of the neighborhood.

When they had left the town well behind them, and seeing no one in the road, they increased their speed.

"You wish to catch a train without going to the St. Winnifred's station," said Walter.

"Yes; if we go to Migby Junction, we shall catch an express which will pass through St. Winnifred's."

"I see."

After that they spoke in low tones. They seemed to be afraid that even the hedges might have ears.

The afternoon was warm, but they did not heed the heat. Mile after mile they walked. Every movement of their bodies, every stride they made forward told that they were grim, determined men; but the look of despair had gone from both their eyes.

When they neared Migby Junction Harrington looked at his watch.

"We must run for it, Walter," he said.

"Very well."

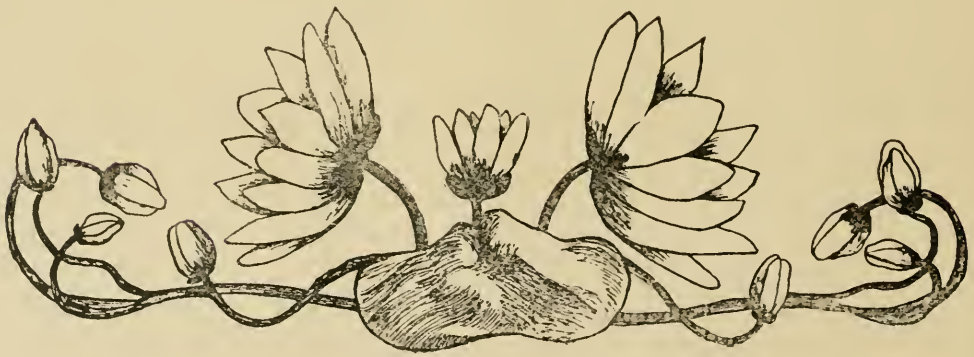
Walter Raymond seemed made of iron. The two men ran hard for ten minutes; they had barely reached the station when the train entered.

"It is well there is no heart disease in your family, my friend," said the young barrister, as they sat in the carriage and wiped the perspiration from their faces.

"Yes," said Raymond. He laughed as he spoke, but there was a look of terrible anxiety on his face, nevertheless.

Three hours later these men came to a farmhouse among the fields a good many miles from St. Winnifred's. When they came up to the front door, they were met by a young woman. It was the young woman these men had seen in the restaurant in London long months before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Female Convents.

By Mr. de Potter.

It was determined, in consequence, not to allow them any longer the privilege of asylum, and a law was passed, which enjoined the public authority to seize, for the future, every refugee, in whatever asylum he might be found—civil debtors, not fraudulent bankrupts, only excepted—and to carry him before the ordinary tribunals, for the purpose of being sentenced, if sufficient cause was shown, to ten years' confinement in irons, in case of his crime deserving capital punishment; to five, if it deserved ten; and so on, always mitigating the punishment, out of regard to the spot on which he had been apprehended. This was the only method of managing the affair, so as to preserve the rights of the sovereign entire, to show respect for the privileges of the churches, and to put an end to irregularities and crimes, which the honor, the dignity, and even the conscience of the prince, forbade him to tolerate any longer.

Another document illustrative of the ecclesiastical condition of Tuscany, before the administration of Ricci, contains some curious details of abuses, both as it regards the number and discipline of the religious orders. It is a letter of Rucellai, December, 1770, written in reply to some questions which the Grand Duke had addressed to him.

Leopold had requested him to make out plans: 1, for diminishing as quickly as possible the number of convents in Tuscany, and of the individuals inhabiting them, and also for preventing foreigners from becoming inmates of them; 2, for the prevention of religious vows, at an earlier age than twenty-four years; 3, for prohibiting mendicants of religious orders from receiving novices before the age of sixteen or eighteen; 4, for suppressing all convents of mendicant orders containing fewer than twelve persons; 5, for enabling the secular priests only, and especially the curates, to preach in the country, and for preventing the monks from exercising that function; 6, for excluding the monks from the direction of female convents, which ought to be regulated in spiritual matters by the ordinaries only.

Rucellai says in reply:—"The support and duration of religious orders depend partly on the success of the monks in procuring recruits, and partly on the interest which families have in supplying them with them. This could not possibly be the case if perpetual vows were not taken at so early an age as sixteen; at an age which has no safeguard either against seduction or violence. The monks accordingly showed themselves particularly anxious, at the Council of Trent, to retain this privilege, in order, as they said, to prevent the destruction of the monastic establishments.

This avowal, on their part, points out the line of conduct which ought to be adopted by Government: for as the vows which the individual takes upon him, deprive him of various rights which he formerly possessed, and free him, much to the prejudice of his fellow-citizens and of his country, according to the tenor of the Canon law, from the performance of various duties which he was

bound to discharge to society, the temporal or civil power ought to regulate every thing relating to solemn vows and professions, in the same manner that it regulates all other civil acts, and to limit and modify them agreeably to what its existence and its interests appear to require.

It is absolutely necessary that the sovereign should have it in his power to prohibit the putting on of the religious habit without his express permission. Rome, however, has always opposed such an exercise of authority, to the utmost of her power. She saw clearly that the establishment of such a regulation would, in the end, destroy, or at least greatly weaken, her religious communities, "which she justly regardss as so many collective bodies of her subjects; as armed legions, which she maintains abroad at the expense of the countries in which they so blindly execute her orders. These orders she veils with the mantle of religion, and has the art of getting them as well executed by those to whom she intrusts them, as if they had a personal interest in doing what not unfrequently exposes them to all the vengeance of their Governments."

Rome will be just as clamorous against the adoption of any measures for regulating the time and mode of taking vows, as if these measures were offensive to the Almighty himself.

Rucellai would not fix any age, as the lawful one, for the solemn profession of vows, unless Rome consented to it; this he does not believe that she would do, even though she were compelled, for the purpose of giving a refusal, to recognise the superior authority of the Council of Trent, to which she would probably have recourse under such circumstances, although she has violated its decisions in so many others. The ulterior obligation of vows, taken canonically at the age of sixteen, would therefore still remain; while the sovereign would only have succeeded in obliging his subjects to deceive him.

He proposes to prohibit the adoption of the ecclesiastical and religious habit, under any pretext whatever, before the age of twenty-one.

Children who submit to the tonsure at the age of seven, and young people who enter the convent at fifteen, although not bound by any particular obligation, do not afterwards leave off their religious profession. "That profession, in the present state of things, is one which is expressly made for those whom circumstances had designed for a life of industry; namely, for the great mass of mankind. From the age of seven or ten, till twenty-four, young people, destined for profession, are only tauhgt the service of the church, a little Latin, and some theological definitions—a kind of knowledge which cannot be exchanged to much pecuniary advantage, except by the clergy." They must embrace this profession, therefore, either voluntarily or by force; and even when they are totally incapable, and their conduct has been such as to render them utterly unworthy of being admitted into it, the bishops, through compassion for them and their family, make no scruple in letting them pass.

One might almost say that they had become monks or priests, from the very moment they put on the livery of the Church, which, by depriving them of all other means of making a livelihood, necessarily condemns them to the exercise of the ecclesiastical profession. Thus they have bound themselves to become priests when they should be of age to embrace the profession, in the same way as an apprenticed mason, by exercising his trade in his early years, binds

himself to it for the rest of his life. Rucellai shows that his scheme, so fit for rooting out, at a single blow, the whole of the inferior clergy—the greatest part of the ecclesiastical hierarchy—would give great offence to the Court of Rome, terrify the people, and be productive of embarrassment to the Government.

In regard to diminishing the number of nuns, he is of opinion, that nothing can be done in that way without previously facilitating marriages, or having procured for women some middle resource between marriage and religious profession—a resource which did not exist in Tuscany. The Government will therefore be obliged to rest contented, with prohibiting the superiors from receiving more novices than they have the means of supporting, the number of which ought to be fixed; as well as from receiving any portion along with them at the time of taking the vows.

If the sole question relate to diminishing the number of monks, great care ought to be taken in endeavoring to accomplish that object, lest the means employed should have any tendency to fill the Tuscan convents with foreign monks; to incite the Tuscans to adopt the profession elsewhere; or, finally, to prevent young students from other countries from repairing for their education to the Tuscan monasteries.

The step which ought to be adopted, is to cause an exact account to be given of the temporal wealth of the monks; and when that has been procured, to fix the precise number of individuals whom they are able to maintain, and, consequently, to receive in each establishment. This ought to be accompanied by an order to observe strictly the injunctions of the Bulls, the rules, and institutes of the different orders; by which means those small conventts in the country, which are prohibited by the Bulls, and which, besides being totally useless to religion, are a source of scandal to the people, and of impoverishment to a very valuable class of the community, the villagers, will be at length abolished. The funds arising from this source ought, whatever may be the clamors of the Court of Rome, to be appropriated to beneficent institutions, as is the case at Venice and other places.

There are various religious orders who live solely by begging alms; such as the Capuchins, the Observantines, the Barefooted Carmelites, the Augustinians, and others, who, though originally mendicants, scarcely retain any trace of their profession, beyond the mere name and the pontifical privilege attached to it. Francis intended his disciples to live by the labor of their hands, and only to implore the aids of charity when they found themselves unable to earn what was necessary for their subsistencee. The Pope and the theologians declared, that the only labor which had been ordained for them was entirely spiritual; while the Council of Trent, departing from the strictness of their rule, gave them power, like the rest of the mendicant orders, the Capuchins and Observantines only expected, to acquire and possess property. The income of those monks must be exactly assertained, by calculating the product arising from their masses, the charities which they receive, and the profit accruing from tthe direction of the convents. When that has been done, their numbers must be restrained, and every species of begging, especially in the country, forbidden, as well as all the pious frauds which they employ in the churches for making money; such as enrolment in the third order, devotion to the name of Jesus, to Anthony, &c.

Wherever the existing revenues are found insufficient to maintain such a number of those parasitical plants as it may have been deemed necessary to support, notwithstanding the progress of civilization, Rucellai advised the Government to make up the deficiency by means of pensions. Society will thus purchase, says he, by the sacrifice of a small sum of money, a deliverance from the dangerous influence, both in a moral and political point of view, to which the scandalous beggary of the clergy subjects it. Besides, by giving them a pension, the Government will acquire an authority over them, which it never could have obtained in any other way, and will have the power to diminish their numbers as it may deem proper, by diminishing their salaries."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EDITORIAL NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

ANOTHER "PLEA FOR PEACE."

BLESSED are the peace makers—so says the Book whose flyleaf, in the Catholic version, carries the Admonition which forbids Catholic laymen to read it.

Assuming that "the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia" is composed of orthodox members of the Roman Sect, and that they have banded together under the benediction of the nearest priests, I must express my deep regret that we have in our midst so many virtuous citizens who claim to be educated Christians, but who never Search the Scriptures.

How can a Christian understand the Gospels, unless he reads them?

And how can a Catholic layman read them, without disobeying the papal Admonition which warns him not to do it?

Ask the Catholic laymen to produce their Bibles! ASK THEM!!!

Hear what they will say. Watch them squirm. Listen to them churn words. See them scoot around the corner.

They haven't got any Bibles.

Even if they had a copy, they would have to heed that Admonition, printed on the fly-leaf, commanding them to leave the Book unread, *unless the priest permits and guides.*

Don't take my word for it: look at the Catholic Bible, and see for yourself. That Admonition, which closes the Book to the Catholic laymen, has been a part of the law of the Roman church ever since 1563.

Why was it adopted and enforced?

To prevent Luther and Calvin and John Knox and Zuinglius from leading *all* the Catholic laymen out of their Paganized church.

No student of the Bible ever became a papist, *never.*

No student of the Gospels could possibly worship Mary and Joseph.

No searcher of the Scriptures could ever believe that he was swallowing God, when he gulped down a piece of wafer; or believe that a nquid, coming into church as wine, could go away, in the stomach of a priest, as the blood of the Almighty.

In order to pin one's faith to such monstrosities, one has to be caught young, educated apart from sane youth, kept from interchanging ideas with rational men, and admonished not to read the Bible.

However, I am pleading for Peace, and must avoid controversy.

The Catholic Laymen's Association *of Georgia*, fervently assures us that it wants "peace and friendship."

In Georgia, only?

We do not hear any dulcet tones in the Catholic papers of the East, North and West.

It has not been many months since the Catholic Editors were exulting over the outrages perpetrated upon Dr. Joseph Slattery, in New Jersey; Rev. Otis Spurgeon, in Denver; Dr. Barnett, in Philadelphia; Thomas E. Leyden, in Massachusetts; and the Evangelist Bolles, in Illinois.

Every time a Catholic paper refers to the dastardly assassination of William Black, by the Knights of Columbus, they gloat over the crime.

Archbishop Prendergast's organ, *two weeks ago*, boasted of the fact that the Catholics of a town in the middle-West drove Billy Parker out, refusing to let him speak.

This suppression of free speech occurred *since* the Catholic Laymen of Georgia published their soporific dope.

Did not the St. Augustine priests, Curley and O'Brien, bitterly revile Governor Catts, because he, at his in-

auguration, gave respectful treatment to Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Slattery?

Is not the press of Florida still vibrating with the rancorous diatribes of Curley and O'Brien?

Evidently, the Plea for Peace is addressed to Georgia, alone.

Whenever the Catholics can safely enforce the law of their church against Protestants, they enforce it.

The priest is sworn to persecute, and the layman takes his religion from the priest.

No Catholic layman has a mind of his own, in matters of "faith." He has been taught, that it is the acme and perfection of Christian manhood *not to have any manhood*, in church affairs.

Archbishop Munderlein, of Chicago, who owns fifty million dollars worth of untaxed property, told *his* laymen that they were not to do any thinking when *he* was around; and, since he, or some other Roman prelate, is *always* "around," the Catholic laymen never do any thinking at all.

If they *did*, they would ask themselves, how it was that *the Gospel system*, which gave Catholic laymen the right to elect pastors, bishops, cardinals, and popes, *underwent such a revolutionary change*, leaving the laymen nothing to do in church matters, *except* TO PAY AND OBEY!

If I were not pleading for peace, I'd ask the Laymen's Association how and when that revolution was effected.

Let us take for granted that the Catholic Laymen's Association really seek harmonious relations with their non-Catholic neighbors, and then let us examine the probabilities.

They remind us that Catholics and Protestants fought together during the Revolutionary War, and the War between the States; and that Catholics and Protestants have been amicably connected with one another in commercial, professional, and social life.

That is true. But was it *ever* true of a country *where the Catholics had the upper hand?*

NO, IT NEVER WAS.

The Pittsburgh *Observer*, the organ of Bishop Canevin, had an editorial a few days ago, *boasting* that in Catholic Spain the Protestants are not allowed to build a house of worship in the style of a church, or to display in public any symbol of their faith.

Every Protestant missionary who has worked in Catholic countries tells a graphic story of Roman Catholic persecution—not in the Dark Ages, *but now!*

In Mexico, in Central America, and in South America, it is impossible for Protestants to be at peace with Catholics because the priests can—*and do*—keep their oath to *persecute.*

Have we forgotten the virulent tirades of the Roman Bishop of Panama against the Protestant Congress, *last year?*

Didn't he compel the President of that hand-made Republic to withdraw his permit for the Protestant use of the municipal building?

Didn't the Roman prelates of the United States join loudly in the scurrilous tirades of the Bishop of Panama?

Three years ago, the Roman priests made a bonfire at Vigan, in the Philippine Islands—out of what combustibles?

Out of 2,500 Bibels!

What did the Catholic papers of this country say about it?

They defended the sacrilege and jubilated over it.

Was any priest punished for the destruction of books which belonged to a Protestant Missionary Society?

No. Priests are seldom punished.

Our Government found the Filipinos in revolt against the intolerable vices, and crimes of the Roman Catholic friars: accepted the military aid of these Filipinos again Spain; and then, after Spain had been driven out, our Government flung the natives back into the clutches of Rome; and now the vices and crimes of the priests are about as bad as they ever were.

So, as I said, the peace and friendship between Catholic and Protestant never exists, where the Catholic has the upper hand.

Look back over the history of the United States, and find, if you can,

when it was that strife arose between the sects.

Get the date! Then inquire what happened, to change the peaceable relations previously existing.

Did the Protestants make any change in their attitude toward the Government, the laws, and the Catholic population?

None whatever.

Every basic principle of Anglo-Saxon liberty was left unmolested.

The Protestants continued to revere the Great Charter, the Bill of Rights, the great fundamentals of civil and religious liberty.

In the Code of Freedom not a t was crossed, nor an i dotted: as our Fathers delivered the sacred, blood-bought heritage to us, so we intended to deliver it to our children.

Who began to make war upon this holy code of liberty?

Who began to denounce it, educate and agitate against it, stealthily violate it, and covertly supplant it with a foreign, antagonistic code.

You did—YOU CATHOLICS!

There's where you set fire to the prairie, and you needn't doubt that the flames are spreading.

What did you do? How did you provoke us to rise against you?

(1.) You did it by organizing, arming, and drilling new secret societies, bound by oaths of treason to your foreign sovereign.

You haven't got Bibles in your homes, BUT YOU'VE GOT RIFLES THERE.

For whom, did you get those guns? How often did you think you could parade Baltimore, Washington, and Philadelphia—marching as the Pope's militia, and carrying those rifles—without stirring Protestant passions?

(2.) You did it, by suddenly discovering that Christopher Columbus deserved a National Holiday, after that original slave-catcher and slave-dealer had been dead nearly 500 years; and you took exclusive control of this Columbus Day, with your odious papal parade, your foreign papal flags, your insolent and pompous priests, your arrogant papal orations, your challenging display of swords and guns and uniforms and military formation.

You wanted that Columbus Day, *not for Columbus*, but for your foreign lord, *the Italian pope.*

You wanted to flaunt his colors, his emblems, his armed forces in our faces, to intimidate us, and prepare us for the coming of papal supremacy.

Why were you Catholics so long in discovering that you needed more secret societies, and a holiday all your own?

When you drew yourselves apart from us, and armed yourselves in your secret lodges against us, and then paraded your boasted military strength before our eyes, did it never occur to you that you were giving us mortal offense?

We had not done anything to provoke you. We had not taken secret oaths to boycott you, discriminate against you, ostracise you, and, if need be, kill you.

We were patronizing your lawyers, doctors and dentists; we were trading at your stores; we were shipping our cotton to your factors; we even sent our children to your schools.

Who changed all this?

YOU DID.

You cannot draw apart from your neighbors, without losing your friends! It simply can't be done.

(3.) You won't let your children attend our public schools: you draw a line between our young people and yours; and you build a wall of enmity between them.

You didn't use to do this.

Why do you do it, now?

Our schools are not good enough for your sons and daughters, and you teach this to your children; then, when your children have grown up, you demand that they be employed as the teachers of our sons and daughters.

Where is the consistency of that?

If our schools are not fit for your children to be taught in, they are not fit for your children to teach in.

Why is it that you want your child-

ren to teach ours, but don't want ours to teach yours?

You must be singularly obtuse, if you fail to realize the deep antipathy your *recent* attitude toward our schools has aroused.

Your priests never took that hostile posture, until a few years ago: if it was required by the law of your church. why was the law dormant in this country for nearly 300 years?

(4.) *You have stealthily brought about the union of Church and State, in utter defiance of the Supreme law of the Union, and of each State.*

You have compelled our Government to accept the Roman church as the official religion of the Pan-American Republics.

You have practically made the Roman the official religion of the Army and Navy, and you caused evangelical "revivals" ruled out of the military encampments, to make way for the papal proselyting agencies such as the priest-chaplains, the Field mass, the enforced attendance upon Catholic worship, and the lodges of the Knights of Columbus.

Consequently, the recruits to the Army and Navy have no real opportunities to become converts to Protestant churches, and are virtually coerced into the Roman communion.

You have compelled the Government to maintain your so-called charities, and Indian schools: you have thru your papal propaganda into the Congressional Record, and forced the Government to bear the expense of its circulation: you have entered the treasury of nearly every State, and have divided the public money with the State.

You do this in Massachusetts, and will not permit Protestants to make speeches against it.

You do it in New York; you do it in California; you do it in Ohio; you do it in Michigan; *you do it in Georgia.*

You know perfectly well the insolence with which your Savannah bishop has trampled upon our constitutional law, *and you know that he is trampling upon it*, NOW!

Yet, you pretend to be pained and astonished to learn, that a bitter enmity is growing between yourselves and your Protestant neighbors!

How could it be otherwise, when you scorn and violate our fundamental laws?

In your Plea for Peace you do not promise to behave better in the future. You do not say that you regret Bishop Keiley's long-standing contempt for Georgia law. You do not promise to take your hands out of the State's school funds. You do not promise to allow the State to ask Bishop Keiley's caged women whether they are voluntarily his prisoners.

You say, by your silence, that you expect to continue in the full enjoyment of the privileges of citizenship, and, at the same time, you will nullify such laws as your priests disapprove.

Do you really believe you can maintain that position?

If you do, there are some surprises ahead of you; and when we come to a test of *law-enforcement*, you'll find that we are not afraid of those rifles. which you keep in your houses and drill with at midnight.

(5.) You never proclaimed your foreign law of marriage and divorce until 1908.

If that law of the Middle Ages is necessary to your salvation, why was it kept out of this country for nearly 300 years?

Catholics in America never heard of it in the days of the Revolutionary War, and of the War between the States.

If that infamous law, made in Italy by concubinous priests, had been published and enforced in America before our Civil War, do you believe that it would have been received without intense indignation?

Can you bring yourselves to believe that Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee would have remained unmoved, if Pope Pius IX. had publicly and officially preached in 1862, as he did preach in 1872, that Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were living at the White House in "filthy concubinage?" and that General and

Mrs. Lee were "illicitly" cohabiting, because they had been "hurried into sinful relations by their lusts?"

You know very well that, had your Italian popes and their American oath-bound priests proclaimed these infamous doctrines in the United States 50 years ago, the hot resentment now aroused by them would have been aroused *then*.

If you want peace, why do you come at us with a sword?

Do you expect us to love you, when you defile the graves of our mothers and the beds of our wives?

(6.) You have, of recent years, been endeavoring, with all your might, to gag the Protestant press.

Why did you never try that, until you had succeeded in compelling our Government to receive a papal ambassador?

Apparently, the pope's "delegate" is behind this determined effort to close the mails to Protestant literature.

You made no effort of that sort previous to the War between the States; and yet some of the strongest books and pamphlets that ever assailed your foreign system were published prior to 1860.

Dr. Edward Beecher, Bishop John Hopkins, Emma Carroll, Samuel F. B. Morse—inventor of the Telegraph—Dr. Theodore Dwight, R. L. DeLisser, Maria Monk, William Hogan, Charles Chiniquy, and dozens of others brought out terrific exposures of the inherent vices, crimes, and turpitudes of your bachelor priesthood.

No priest dared to prosecute the ex-priest William Hogan, who was elected chaplain of the New York legislature.

Nobody prosecuted the Lippincott Company for publishing the horrible questions that Catholic women have to answer in confessing privately to wine-heated bachelor priests.

The Lippincotts published, in 1856—the year of my birth—the identical Latin which I republished in 1911: the Lippincotts were neither boycotted nor prosecuted, while I was both boycotted and prosecuted: why the difference?

No priest dared to sue or to prosecute the Appleton publishing house, for printing and mailing the Maria Monk book; but the *Menace* was prosecuted for advertising Jeremiah Crowley's less fearful exposure of inevitable priestly vices and crimes: *why the difference?*

The answer is obvious: your church *knew* it was not *then* sufficiently strong to suppress the truth, and it now *thinks* that it is.

You will find that your church is badly mistaken.

The Devil fights with your Italian pope, but the God of Christianity fights with *us*.

(7.) Your present pope, at his inauguration, proclaimed his implacable hostility to people's laws and popular governments.

At one jump, this silly old Italian priest landed at the Council of Trent, in the Middle Ages, and mentally obliterated all human progress, since.

Mrs. Partington was a feminine Solomon, compared to your Papa Benedict, who sweeps away modern civilization in the same manner that the old lady broomed the Atlantic ocean out of existence.

Not only has your present sovereign declared war upon all democratic laws, institutions, and governments, but he malignantly denounces "heretics," in the same murderous spirit that animated the Papal Inquisition.

That fanatic would burn non-Catholics at the stake, if he could.

So would Bishop Keiley.

So would you!

Deep down in your hearts, you hate us; and whenever you get a chance at a W. E. Reed, or an R. B. Cole, or a William Black, or a Thomas E. Pearce, or a Thos. E. Watson, *you never fail to do your worst.*

The spirit that hounded Reed from Macon, is the popish spirit of destruction.

The spirit that drove Cole out of Florida, and followed him into Georgia, is the spirit of assassination.

You've all got it. You get it from your vicious priests. *They* get it from their vicious books.

Those books originated in the Dark Ages, when Faith, of the papal sort, had shut up the schools, destroyed the libraries, penalized science, and made free-thought an unpardonable crime punishable by lingering tortures and a slow death by fire.

Your most recent popes have officially commanded that those infernal books be again taught in your theological seminaries.

Therefore, "Saint" Thomas Aquinas is again your master theologian; and it was Thomas who taught, most explicitly, that unbaptized babes go to hell, that there is no salvation outside the Roman fold, and that heretics, who obstinately resist conversion to Rome, must be put to death.

In New York, a Protestant boy and a Catholic girl fell in love with each other, and became too intimate; but the young people repaired their error by having a Protestant minister marry them, under State license.

When the newly wedded groom went to the office of his wife's father, *humbly and eagerly* seeking "*conciliation*," what happened?

The Catholic father of this Protestant wife *deliberately shot his son-in-law to death*, in the office!

Why? Because the father, being a Catholic, had been reared to believe that no marriage can be valid, unless a nun-keeping priest officiates.

The name of the murderer, is Cleary: he was Sheriff of the county at the time of his dastardly crime.

Was there any dispute about the facts? None.

Was he convicted? No.

Was his victim armed? No.

Was there any legal excuse for the atrocious assassination? None.

Why then did Cleary go scot free, and why has he been at liberty ever since?

Ask the Jesuits and the Knights of Columbus.

Yet, in spite of such atrocities as the Cleary case, these Catholic Laymen's Associations are flooding the country with dope, to the effect that *the foreign law of marriage*, which their priests have introduced into this country, *has no bad effect upon Protestants.*

It had a disastrous effect upon the penitent young husband in the Cleary case, because Cleary did not consider that his daughter had been married to the young man, at all.

On the contrary, the Catholic father took *the* PROTESTANT MARRIAGE *to be an additional provocation;* and the Catholics on the jury viewed it the same way.

That foreign law, enforced by the priests, has also ruined the homes and lives of *Protestant wives*, throughout the Union.

The Catholic Association of Georgia, hunting for conciliation in a State where *they* are the ones that need it, are putting up a lot of sweet gush, about how anxious the Catholics are to love us, and to live in harmony with us.

That's *always* the Catholic dope, where the Catholics are the weakest: it is *never* the Catholic talk, where they are the strongest.

In the immediate territory of Cardinal O'Connell, of Massachusetts—a bloated old brute who *swore* to persecute his Protestant fellow-citizens—the Catholics would not permit Thos. E. Leyden to deliver his lecture on the subject of State-aid to religious schools.

The Constitution of the United States speaks very positively on that subject; but no loyal supporter of that provision of our Supreme Law can speak upon it, *in Cardinal O'Connell's bailiwick.*

There is reason to believe, that O'CONNELL HIMSELF INSTIGATED THE HAVERHILL RIOTS, *in pursuance of* HIS DAMNABLE OATH *to persecute Protestants.*

Isn't it the height of impudence for lawyers, like Jack Spalding of Atlanta, to lend their names and membership to an Association of Deceit, when they know, as well as I do, that *every one of their priests is an oath-bound enemy of Protestantism*, and is sworn *against* conciliation?

How *can* there be conciliation, *where one of the parties is under a secret oath against it?*

In such a case, the sworn foe to con-

ciliation could have no other purpose, in a conciliatory propaganda, *than to lull the other party into a false security*, during the time necessary for the building up of *strength sufficient for the carrying out of the oath to persecute.*

When the Catholics of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Florida grow as strong as they are in New Jersey and Massachusetts, free speech will be riotously abolished, as it has been abolished in New Jersey and Massachusetts.

The U. S. Constitution does not protect the Protestants in those States, because the Catholics there are strong enough to enforce the pope's law.

In Florida, the Knights of Columbus thought they were strong enough to silence Protestant preachers, and to disfranchise Protestant voters; but they showed their hands too soon.

When a K. of C. cursed a Methodist preacher on the streets of Jacksonville, AND SLAPPED HIS FACE, on account of an anti-pope sermon that he had delivered from his own pulpit, the most indifferent citizen could *then* realize what would happen to all preachers, if the Ben Burbridge type of Catholic became dominant.

Did the daily papers of Jacksonville denounce the outrage which the Catholics perpetrated upon the Rev. John A. Hendry? No.

Why not? Ask them.

But suppose a Protestant had publicly cursed a *priest*, and slapped *his* jaws, under similar circumstances—would there not have been a loud roar of wrath against the "bigot?"

The Macon priest stimulates some Catholic women, to go and demand the ball-room of the Hotel Dempsey; and the young manager, *recently employed*, tells these women that President Block of the Company is down sick, forbidden by his doctors to see company, or transact business.

The young and new Manager assures the Catholic women that, as soon as he can mention the matter to Mr. Block, he will do so, and will endeavor to have them accommodated.

But the illness of Mr. Block confines him to his room until it is too late for the Catholics to get their answer in time for the date set for their holy raffle, euchre game, dance, bazaar—or whatever the function was.

Thereupon, their anger blazes out against young W. E. Reed, and they are not content with tongue-lashing the young man.

No! They must do what Catholics always do, *when they can!*

They must go to the Board of Directors of the Hotel, and demand the summary discharge of the hateful Protestant who had dared to obstruct the pope's most blessed raffle, euchre party, musical hugging-match—or whatever it was.

These sweetly religious and divinely charitable Catholics of Macon told the Directors, that unless Reed were bounced, incontinently, the Hotel would be subjected to a systematic boycott, *all along the line.*

The cowardly Directors *surrendered to the persecuting papists*, and fired the honest Manager, who, *according to President Block's letter*—which is in my possession—*had given his employers perfect satisfaction.*

Were these sweetly conciliatory Macon Catholics content with the dismissal of Reed, and his expulsion from Macon?

Oh, no! That was not a sufficient punishment. They wanted to make an example of W. E. Reed.

They pursued him to Atlanta, with telegrams and letters, *threatening to boycott any hotel that gave him a job!*

There's Catholic conciliation for you!

That's what they do, whenever they are able to do it.

And had it not been for the fact that they have been unable to work the same devilish game on me, after seven years of malignant effort, there would have been no paper in Georgia to tell you about it.

No earthly power could have induced a daily paper to have printed the facts of that infamous Catholic persecution.

The malicious dastards all united to crush and drive out *one Protestant*, FOR HAVING DONE HIS DUTY.

And these Catholic Laymen of Ma-

con, Atlanta, and Augusta, are *now* telling us how earnest is their desire to live in loving relations with their Protestant neighbors!

Pah! Such hypocrisy is loathsome.

ANOTHER VICTIM OF CATHOLIC INTOLERANCE!

Now, let me put before you another Reed case—this time in Jacksonville, Florida, where a 4th degree Knight of Columbus, Pete Dignan, is Postmaster, by grace of Senator Nathan Bryan and J. Pat Tumulty.

The facts are given me by the indomitable and intrepid Mrs. Corilla Banister, that Southern lady that furnished the facts on that Graham woman, the "Police Matron" of San Antonio, Texas—who sends Protestant women, like Laura Stone, to slave their lives away in the pope's Good Shepherd laundry there.

I beg that you will read carefully Mrs. Bannister's letter to me, and then the accompanying statement.

As you do so, remember that the Pete Dignan, who told Mr. Cole that "*we will ruin you in six months*," was doing exactly the same thing that the Macon Catholics did, *when they threatened to ruin the Hotel Dempsey.*

COLE HAD DONE HIS DUTY, BUT HAD ENRAGED THE CATHOLICS BY IT.

When Mr. Cole, going to Tampa to find work, was met by the Catholic boycott, arranged for in advance of his arrival, he was up against exactly the same fence that the Macon "conciliators" had arranged for Reed in Atlanta.

Catholic intolerance seeks to destroy.

MRS. BANISTER'S LETTER.

Jacksonville, Fla., Kooker and 18th.
March 23rd, 1917.

Dear Sir: With the permission of Mr. S. H. Kooker, I am sending you a statement of the facts in the R. B. Cole boycott episode. Mr. Kooker advanced the young man two hundred dollars, to get his stuff out of the car, after the Catholics had ruined his trade and spoiled his credit. Mr. Kooker also advanced five hundred dollars for Mr. Cole to start the restaurant when every other avenue for earning a legitimate living, had been closed by the Roman Catholic boycott. Mr. O. E. Maple, 1634 Ionia St., Jacksonville, Fla., would no doubbt be glad to verify the facts of the statement enclosed. Mr. E. B. Donnell, Attorney at Law, Heard Building, assisted Mr. R. B. Cole in obtaining promises of security for the amount to start the restaurant; and would no doubt make a statement of facts as he knew them, unless, as a professional man, he feared the CATHOLIC boycott.

I am sending this statement from Mr. Kooker's home, Kooker and 18th, Jacksonville.

Wishing you success,
I am sincerely your friend,
(MRS.) CORRILLA BANISTER.

HOW PETE DIGNAN'S ROMAN CATHOLIC GANG RUINED A JACKSONVILLE CITIZEN.

Mr. R. B. Cole was a member of the Civic League of Springfield, a suburb of Jacksonville, Florida. His wife, a college graduate, and their four beauti ul children attended the First Baptist Sunday School. When their colored washwoman brought their laundry, Mr. Cole overheard the negress telling his wife, **how an old, sick negro had been brutally beaten with a wooden slab, BY THE MATRON OF THE COUNTY HOSPITAL.**

That night Mr. Cole reported the occcurrence to the Civic League, wnicn appointed a committee to investigate, naming Mr. Cole as Chairman. On receipt of their report, Mr. Cole was appointed by the League to swear out a warrant for the arrest of the Matron.

The fact that **the Matron was a Roman Catholic,** and **A NIECE OF PETE DIGNAN'S** was not known to Mr. Cole. When the arrest was made, **the Matron was held ON HER OWN RECOGNIZANCE. The Orderly, who had witnessed the deed,** and was the principal witness against the Matron immediately **LEFT JACKSONVILLE, and went to Georgia, AND FAILED TO APPEAR AT THE TRIAL;** which seemed purposely delayed, in order to give the **welts on the victim's black skin** time to disappear, as much as possibble, before the Roman Catholic doctors appointed by the court made the examination. **Therefore at this late date the charges against the Matron were not substantiated, for lack of evidence.**

After the warrant was issued, **PETE DIGNAN MET MR. COLE ON THE STREET,** and remarked, **"You've done all right up to now, but you've made a mistake this time, AND WE WILL RUIN YOU IN SIX MONTHS, and in the end SEND YOU TO THE POOR HOUSE."**

Mr. Cole was selling and installing acetylene light plants, and, at the time that **the Matron assaulted the sick negro,** he was making a good living, with a number of orders ahead, all of which were can-

celled, by Catholic agents offering to install a plant for fifty dollars instead of one hundred and fifty, the price Mr. Cole's contract called for. Mr. Cole wrote to the manufacturers, asking how his competitors were able to make such cut-throat prices, and the reply was, "They are paying the same price we charge you."

When a Catholic agent came down from Chicago, and camped on Mr. Cole's trail, and all new orders he obtained were cancelled, Mr. Cole, of course, was quickly forced out of this legitimate and formerly well paying source of revenue.

He then applied for a position in a wholesale business house, the manager answered, **"We dare not employ you, Mr. Cole,** because the company would lose more than you could make for us." Various applications met a similar reply, all Protestant firms in the State feared **the Catholic boycott, and its leader, PETE DIGNAN, THE POSTMASTER OF JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.**

When kind friends were forced to supply food for Mr. Cole's family, in desperation he began substituting as a Pullman Conductor.

Soon afterward the Knights of Columbus were to attend their Convention in Tampa, and Mr. Cole was called to take out the special. **When the Knights saw their Conductor, they held the train twenty minutes, refusing to travel with him.** As no one could be found to take his place, he was allowed to accompany them. But as soon as possible **the discouraged Protestant received his permanent discharge from the head office of the Pullman Company of Chicago.**

Thus again, the boycotting Catholics forced Mr. Cole to pay for attempting to protect a sick and aged black man from the Matron's cruel assault.

Mr. Cole went to Tampa, seeking employment, **but his applications met the same answer given him by the home firms.** A company of friends, who understood the situation, provided funds for Mr. Cole to open a restaurant in Jacksonville. The house and furniture seemed completely secure, but at every turn his plans were subtly and mysteriously blocked, therefore the place could never be opened. **Mr. Cole and his family fled from the wrath, WHICH PURSUED THEM INTO GEORGIA, and from that State, they were forced to become homeless wanderers, forever marked as victims of the Roman Catholic boycott.**

The easy-going Protestant is reluctant to believe that Roman Catholicism is the same that it was in the Middle Ages.

Several years ago, I wrote to Hon. John Sharp Williams—Senior Senator from Miss., and perhaps the most highly educated Congressman from the South—on the subject of the growing menace of Popery.

The Senator's reply was courteous, but indifferent: he knew that *medieval* popery had darkened the earth, but could not believe there was any danger of its renewal of its former crimes.

I saw that the Senator was not to be interested, and made no further effort.

Since then, if he has been vigilant, he has seen some things which may have disquieted his mental repose.

He has seen the Catholic chaplains educating the country in the supremacy of the church, by displaying a papal symbol *above* the Stars and Stripes.

He has seen the Catholics compel the Government to break its pledge to the Filipinos.

He has seen the Catholic influence again veto the restriction of Immigration.

He has seen the Catholic power exerted to the utmost to close the mails against Protestant literature.

He has seen the pope's political Delegate established political relations between the Pope and the President, and he has seen Gibbons and Bonzano in conference with Tumulty and Lansing.

He has seen the pope's secret military organization—the Knights of Columbus—take possession of the Army posts and establish missionary stations in the camps.

He has seen Cardinal Gibbons dictating Mexican policies, and conspiring with Felix Diaz and Archbishop Mora to re-establish Popery in a land that it ruled, robbed, and degraded for 400 years.

He has seen the pope's American treason society, the Knights of Columbus, mob American Protestants, beat them, and murder them, just as they were murdering Mexican Protestants. so late as November, 1895.

He saw, in 1908, the papal law of Trent, 354 years old, introduced into this country by Cardinal Gibbons, et. al., and put in operation against Protestant citizens, to the utter disregard of the laws of the land.

He has thus seen Cardinal Gibbons give the lie to his own article in The

North American Review, and to his frequent sermons, in which he declared that, American Catholics were in complete harmony with American laws and institutions.

He kept up that hypocritical preachment until 1908, when he felt that Catholicism was strong enough to discard the mask, show its colors, and make war upon free press, free speech, State supremacy, civil marriage, and legal divorce.

Has Senator Williams noticed the contrast between the Catholic attitude prior to 1908, AND NOW?

If not, I respectfully invite him to study it.

Several weeks ago, I had a visit from three school-boys of Atlanta, and while talking with them in my library, one of the students mentioned, *that Hon. Hooper Alexander*, the U. S. District Attorney, *denied that Catholic priests took an oath to persecute and extirpate Protestants.*

I was not surprised. He is a fair specimen of the indifferent Protestant who won't believe the Roman system dangerous, because *he* had never seen it torture a nun, beat a Protestant boy in a Good Shepherd workhouse, riot against a lecturer who opposes State-aid to religious education, or assassinate a speaker that refused to hush up, and leave town, when the Knights of Columbus told him to.

No, I was not surprised at the mental attitude of the Hon. Hooper Alexander; but I took from one of the bookcases a volume published by one of the most eminent theologians of the Methodist Church, in 1856, and showed him the Jesuit's oath.

Rev. Charles P. Jones, of the North Carolina Conference, was the author, and the name of his work is, "ROMAN CATHOLICISM, SCRIPTURALLY CONSIDERED;" on pages 248, 249, and 250, he copies the oath which was exposed, *in court*, during the trial of the celebrated Lavelatte case in 1761!

The cause of the suit originated with the Jesuit establishment at Martinique, West Indies, and was tried by the Parliament of Paris, which at that time was the highest court in France.

The student carried the book to Atlanta with him on his return, and showed it to Mr. Alexander.

Did it convince the Hon. Hooper?

Not at all. The Hon. Hooper read it, and remarked that such an oath might have been taken long ago, *but not now.*

Why should such an oath *ever* have been required and taken, in a *religion?*

What sort of religion is it that *ever* swore its *iniated* members to persecute, boycott, conspire, and murder?

If Popery *ever* did so, when did it quit? Tell us when the change took place!

The priest who identified Gaynor, in order that Gallagher might shoot him, was doing to the Mayor of New York precisely what the Jesuits did to King Henry IV.

The papist assassin of the 20th century was obeying the same law and oath that sacrificed the French monarch in the 16th century.

The difference of four centuries *in time*, had made no difference in Rome's laws and methods.

She murdered Madero, Suarez, Rizal, Canalejas, and William Black, in exactly the same spirit that she murdered Arnold of Brescia, Jerome of Prague, Coligny of France, William of Orange, and Joseph II. of Austria.

She will stab, or shoot, or poison, or starve any opponent that becomes an obstacle which cannot otherwise be removed; and her Jesuits, her Ancient Hibernians, her Clan-na-Gael, her Molly Maguires, her 4th degree Knights of Columbus, and her priests are her sworn agents of destruction.

I thought it might serve a good purpose, just now, to obtain *up-to-date evidence* of the oath taken by the priests, so that the skeptics may be deprived of the Middle Ages, as an excuse for their unbelief.

Rev. P. A. Seguin is yet living at Lake Mills, Wis., and yet fighting the foreign system which prostitutes the holy name of religion to its vile and secret aims; the fearless

old ex-priest furnishes me with the following affidavit, sworn to *on the 15th day of March*, THIS YEAR: (1917.)

PRIEST'S OATH.

"I, Peter Alphonsus Seguin, now in the presence of Almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed Michel, the Archangel the blessed St. John the Baptist, the Holy Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, and the Saints and Sacred Host of Heaven, and to you my Lord Bishop, I do declare from my heart, **"without mental reservation,"** that the Pope is Christ's Vicar-General and is the true and only Head of the Catholic church throughout the earth, and that, by virtue of the "Keys" of binding and loosing given to His Holiness by Jesus Christ, he has the power to depose heretical kings, princes, States, commonwealths and governments, all being illegal without his sacred confirmation, and that **"they may safely be destroyed."** Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I will defend this doctrine and His Holiness' rights and customs against all usurpers of the Protestant authority whatsoever, especially against the now pretended authority and church of England and all its adherents, in regard that they be usurped and heretical, opposing the Sacred Mother, the church of Rome.

I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any Protestant king, prince or State, or obedience to any of their inferior officers. I do further declare the doctrine of the Church of England, of the Calvanists, Huguenots and other Protestants, to be damnable and those to be damned who will not forsake the same.

I do further declare that I will help, assist and advise all or any of His Holiness agents, in any place wherever I shall be, and to do my utmost to extirpate the Protestant doctrine and to destroy all their pretended power, legal or otherwise. I do further promise and declare that, notwithstanding I may be **permitted by dispensation** to assume any heretical religion for the propagation of the Mother Church's interest, to keep secret and private all her agent's counsels as they entrust to me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly by word, writing or circumstances whatsoever, but to execute all which shall be proposed, given in charge or disclosed unto me by you, my most Reverend Lord and Bishop.

All of which, I, Peter Alphonsus Seguin, do swear by the blessed Trinity and blessed Sacrament which I am about to receive, to perform, on my part to keep inviolably, and do call on all the Heavenly and glorious Host of Heaven to witness my real intentions to keep this **"My Oath."**

In testimony whereof, I take this most Holy and blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist and witness the same further with my holy annointed hand, in the presence of my Holy Bishop and all the priests who assist him in my ordination to the Priesthood."

PETER ALPHONSUS SEGUIN,
Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal, Canada,
December 22, 1866.

ANNA MORRISON, Witness.
W. S. DAVIS, Witness.

Subscribed and sworn to before me a Notary Public for the State of Oregon, **THIS FIFTEENTH DAY OF MARCH, A. D., 1917.**

W. S. DAVIS,
Notary Public of Oregon.

My commission expires September 10th, 1917.

This living and responsible witness testifies that he took the foregoing oath in 1866.

Mr. Alexander is a lawyer, and is therefore familiar with *the legal principle which puts the burden of proof on the Catholics*, TO SHOW THAT THE PRIEST'S OATH, PROVED TO HAVE BEEN IN USE IN *1866*, HAS BEEN SINCE CHANGED.

Another source of growing hostility between Catholic and Protestants, is the increasing boldness with which the priests promulgate the arrogant, un-Scriptural doctrine of "exclusive salvation and Christian virtue."

Let me illustrate what I mean:

The April number of *Truth*, the New York Romanist Magazine, publishes the following:

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The one place on earth wherein Christ lives.

The one place on earth where all men and women are equal.

The one place on earth admittance to which is never denied any one, sinner or saint.

The one place on earth wherein man, no matter how sinful, can find the way to God.

The one place on earth where the fallen and abandoned are heard with pity and consideration.

The one place on earth wherein the humblest in life can reach the greatest height—namely, communion with God Almighty here below and repose in His bosom hereafter.

No wonder men are transformed by the Catholic faith!

Let us consider these proud and pretentious claims, one by one:

Is the Roman church the one place on earth wherein Christ lives?

If so, he always lived there, and never lived elsewhere; he must live there now, and there must be some visible evidence that he does not live anywhere else.

The statement in *Truth* means, *that the Roman church enjoys a monopoly of Jesus Christ.*

I thank *Truth* for its candor: it now admits the historic contention of Rome, to-wit—that no human being can be saved except through the intermediary agency of the Pope.

American Catholics do not often take that position. On the contrary, they usually deny it. In a community where they are outnumbered, they generally say that all Christian churches are avenues by which men may, through repentance, baptism, and godly lives, reach Heaven.

But *Truth* is published in a State where Rome is supreme, and can talk unreservedly; hence, *Truth* says, in effect, the same that Pope Boniface said in the Middle Ages, to-wit, *that there is no salvation save for those who submit to Popery.*

See what lovely consequences proceed from the doctrine, that Christ is not to be found outside the Catholic Church.

All the generations of men who remained steadfast to the Nestorian creed, the Armenian creed, the Coptic creed, and the Greek Catholic creed, have gone to hell, because they did not belong to the Catholic church.

All the Waldensians, Lutherans, Calvinists, Quakers, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, and Christians are in hell—or on the way there; because they were not of the Catholic church.

When three strumpets—Marozia, Theodora I. and Theodora II. governed the Papacy—in the Middle Ages—and set up first one paramour and then another as Pope, Christ could not be found anywhere except in company with those tools of the strumpets.

When these bad women placed a mere child, Pope John XI. on the papal throne, Christ remained exclusively in the Catholic church.

When those wicked harlots placed the crown on the head of John XII. a boy of 16, who soon died of debauchery, in the arms of a married woman whose husband slew the Pope in the bed of sin, Christ remained exclusively in the Catholic church.

When the office of Pope remained vacant for two years at a time; when the place was bargained for and bought with shameless publicity; when the popes were so sunk in bestiality that they had to be deposed for the crimes of murder, incest, rape and the nameless Abomination; when popes named their bastard children for bishoprics, fat abbeys, and the cardinal's hat—during all those generations when the Catholic church was one great sink and sewer of filth, corruption and monstrous crimes, Christ could not be found anywhere else.

When Rome was shedding torrents of Arian blood; was butchering men, women, and children in the Albigensian Crusade; in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, in the Thirty Years' War; in the Dutch atrocities, the Spanish *autos da fe*, in the hideous dungeons of the Inquisition, in the Vaudois valleys, at the Smithfield stake—during all this orgy of satanic cruelty and bloodshed, Christ was undiscoverable, save in the Catholic church.

The Pope is Christ-on-earth, and the Pope's voice is that of Christ; and, therefore, when the Pope sold to the marauding Normans the authority to conquer and enslave the Irish *Christians*, it was Christ who did it!

When the law of the Catholic church condemned *Christians* to torture and agonizing death, because they would not believe *that bread could be made into God*, it was Christ who did that diabolical thing.

When Luther was excommunicated and condemned to death *because*—for one thing—*he had said that the Catholic church had no right to burn heretics*, it was the voice of Christ that upheld the savage doctrine of assassination!

To that logical result, you must follow the brazen assertion of *Truth*, that the Catholic church is *the one place on earth* wherein Christ lives.

The one place on earth wherein Christ lives, is the place where babes are sent to hell, for not being sprinkled, by bachelor priests, whose own babes are sprinkled before they are killed and thrown on the pile of quick lime in the convent basement.

The one place on earth wherein Christ lives, is the place where paganism also lives in the idols, the altars, the incense, the lighted candles, the holy water, and the *human* atonement for sins.

The one place on earth wherein Christ lives, is the place where the Christian is not allowed to read about Christ in the Bible, where the language of the service is a dead one, where the layman is a mute and a cipher, absolutely bereft of independence, initiative, individuality, voice, and vote.

The one place on earth wherein Christ lives, is the one place on earth where Religion becomes a huckster-shop and a bargain-counter, offering for sale everything sacred and profane, with a price on every conceivable article of merchandise that priestly cupidity can invent and lay superstition buy.

The shop is amply stocked, the supply unfailing: the counter is covered, and as fast as the clerical clerk sells one lot of papal junk, another is ready.

The Papacy itself has often gone to the highest bidder: the red hats of the cardinals cost $10,000 apiece; the bishoprics are to be had for money: the fattest abbeys, monasteries and priest-appointments are open to "deals;" and absolution can be bought, which washes out the sin of any fault, any vice, any crime: a dispensation can be bought to marry any prohibited relation, or to do any prohibited thing.

Do you want to eat meat on Fridays?

If so, the bishop will sell you a license.

Do you want to escape fasts, and Lenten restraints?

If so, the bishop will sell you a permit.

Does the thief want mental repose?

Let him divide with the priest, and he will get it.

Does the harlot seek to wash the scarlet from her soul?

Let her carry a part of her wages of sin to the priest, and he will wash her whiter than snow.

Are you afraid of accidents, calamities, fires, floods, wounds, disease, or any other ill that flesh is heir to?

Then buy a blessed medal, a blessed cord, a blessed image, a blessed crucifix, a blessed string of beads—any old gewgaw that has had a Latin prayer mumbled over it by the priest.

Have you lost a horse, or a gem, or a pocket-book, or a key, or a tenant, or the use of a limb, or some money that you loaned out?

Trot at once to a priest and make an offering to St. Anthony, or to St. Rita, or to the Sacred Heart, or to our Lady, or to St. Joseph, or to Balaam's ass.

You pay the priest, and the priest will take down the receiver, telephone the Saints about it, and your losses will soon be made good.

If not, you may know that the failure was due to your lack of faith.

Yes, indeed! Christ stops altogether in the Catholic church.

He drove out of the temple in Jerusalem just such a bunch of holy hoaxers and hucksters as these greedy Roman priests; but then, you see, Christ is different now from what he was then.

That explains why he now dwells exclusively with the holy hoaxers, hucksters, cheats, and swindlers.

In the Roman church, you must pay to be married: you can buy a divorce: you must pay to be buried, and if your widow disputes the bill, the priest can—*and does*—sue her for it, and get judgment against her in court: if you go to purgatory, and your relatives want to buy you out, the priest will sell the prayers which remit your sins, and give you entrance to "the sweet fields of Eden."

The second assertion of *Truth* is, that the Catholic church is the one place on earth where all men and women are equal.

Just the reverse is true. The Catholic church is the only church on earth

that reduces laymen and women to mere common dirt, under the feet of priests, bishops, cardinals, and popes.

It is the only church on earth that absolutely annuls the Rights of Man, and makes mental slaves out of intelligent persons.

The Catholic millions are nothing more than millions of nullities and nonentities.

The layman, however, learned and intelligent, licks the feet of his priest, however ignorant and stupid.

The proudest woman that ever lit the world with her genius, must get on her knees to the priest, and have no will but his, although his breath may stink with liquor, his mouth be foul with lewness, and his soul sordid with the lusts of hell!

The most refined, cultured, and chaste *white maiden* that ever bloomed beneath a Southern sun, must abase herself before *a negro priest*, and allow that sensual beast to pollute her with every lewd question which prurient curiosity can suggest—*questions so hideously vile that no prostitute in a den of professional vice would tolerate them!*

Talk about *equality* in such a church.

On the contrary, all Pope-ruled countries are king-ruled, *because* the Catholic church systematically destroys the *Individual*—so far as his mental independence is concerned—*and fits him to blindly obey some other man*, whom he is taught to believe is his *superior*.

The Catholic church is the deadliest enemy to democracy, *because* it teaches the Catholic that all men are *not* created free and equal.

The other propositions of *Truth* can safely be left to share the influence of the replies to the first two.

I may remark, that it has always been characteristic of the Popish countries to have the finest churches, and the squalidest populace; the most sumptuous palaces for priests, and the most wretched huts for peasants and peons: the most magnificent colleges for young students intended for the priesthood, and for the children of the rich, or powerful; but no schools for the children of the poor, and no self-help colleges anywhere, except in Protestant lands where competition drives Popery to imitate the enemy!

And the vaunted "charities" of the Roman church, when closely examined, proved to be places where the State supplies millions of dollars, and the orphans are found sunk in filth, covered with lice, and brutally mistreated, as was proved in the New York scandal, uncovered by the State Committee and Mayor Mitchell.

Or those "charities" are found to be workshops, where young folks of both sexes are slaved from light to darkness, working for the priests, and always badly fed, and generally treated with barbarous cruelty.

An abominable "charity," which shaves a girl's head, and sells her hair as soon as she is safely locked within the hell-hole, is the last that ought to exhibit its brazen impudence, and claim that none but the Catholic church can practise true charity.

"No wonder men are transformed by the Catholic faith!"

No, indeed! It is no wonder.

It is no wonder that, in order to uphold such a preposterous and criminal system as that of Popery, the Catholic child should be taken in hand, *early*, and quarantined from healthy contact with other children, and sedulously taught, that any falsehood, any artifice, and deceit, and fraud, any crime is justifiable, if committed in the interest of the Catholic church.

Will "Truth" challenge me to prove what I say?

LET IT!

I will prove it from Catholic sources, which no honest Catholic can dispute.

Summing up the case, I will give my reasons for believing that the present policy of the Italian Papacy, first inaugurated among us in 1908, leads inevitably to the bloodiest of civil wars:

(1.) The insidious campaign to substitute the Papal system of education for ours, thereby instilling into the minds of the youth monarchical

ideas, instead of democratic-republican ideals;

(2.) The Papal system of education trains the youthful mind away from American principles, inculcates blind obedience to superiors, and prepares the child for a *castrated* manhood, instead of full-sexed, robust independence, self-reliance, *and self-government;*

(3.) The Roman priests are steadily complying, more and more nearly, with their oath of allegiance to the Italian pope, and their sworn obligation to persecute Protestants;

(4.) The Irish cardinals are becoming ever more arrogant in their tirades against the fundamentals of American democracy, thus preparing the minds of their blindly obedient laymen for a gradual subversion of American liberties, by Papal monarchism;

(5.) The Papal secret societies finance such infamous persecutions as those against Bishop Alexander Klauder, of New York; the *Menace* Pub. Co., of Missouri; and Thos. E. Watson, of Georgia; and when the Knights of Columbus commit such a murder as that of William Black, at Marshall, Texas, the whole Papal organization became a moral accomplice in that dastardly assassination, by putting up the money which gave immunity to the cowardly murderers;

(6.) The introduction and enforcement of Papal laws, antagonistic to American laws, thus dividing the allegiance of citizens, and separating the Roman communion from those patriotic Americans who scorn all *foreign* authority.

A house divided against itself cannot stand!

The Catholic cannot serve two masters. If he obeys his priest—who is an alien subject—he will become an alien himself; and, as such alien, he should not be allowed to enjoy and exercise all the privileges of *loyal* citizens.

(7.) The creation of Juvenile Courts, which sentence young people to confinement and labor *in religious institutions*, often in distant States, and for long terms of years.

This abuse alone, will cause bloody conflicts, if not remedied.

(8.) The violation of the Constitution of the United States, and of the various States, by holding boys, men, girls, and women to involuntary confinement and servitude.

The frequent attempts to escape from convents, Good-Shepherd hell-holes, and monasteries—attended often with fatal injuries, in the jumping from 3rd storey windows—tell but too tragically what the wretched prisoners suffer, and how desperately they long to escape.

(9.) Rome's foreign system makes for *One*-Man power: ours for *All*-Men power: there can be no compromise: one or the other must go down.

In 1908, Rome began its war on us: we are simply defending ourselves from foreign aggression and domestic treason.

The foreign aggression calls itself "Religion," but its aim is, *Political Absolutism.*

The domestic treason calls itself spiritual allegiance to the head of the Catholic church, but its aim is, the subjugation of the Protestant, and the subversion of American institutions.

You did not hurl at us Rome's challenge on the question of marriage and divorce, the Public School, the Inspection of papal prisons, and the freedom of speech and press, *until* after you had organized yourselves into secret military conspiracies, and bound yourselves by treasonous oaths to discharge Protestant employees, boycott Protestant business, and in every other way exert your utmost effortts to extirpate Protestant principles.

Not until 1908 did your haughty prelates—whose allegiance is not to our Government, but to that of a foreigner at Rome—begin to publish such insolent and seditious defiances of the Civil Power as that contained in the 1917 "Lenten Pastoral" of the Archbishop of Cincinnati, to-wit—

"The marriage of a Catholic to a Catholic or a non-Catholic, contracted before a squire or minister after Easter, 1908, is,

according to the decree of 'Ne Temere,' null and void. Persons, who have contracted marriage in this manner, must have the marriage healed by the church, and can not be absolved without special authorization from the archbishop."

The United States statutes say that such a marriage is legal and binding; the Church of Rome says it is "null and void."

How can you claim to be loyal Americans, when your seditious priests forbid you to respect one of the supremely important American laws?

In the Brooklyn *Tablet*, Cardinal Farley's editorial henchman thus answers the same question:

Q.—Why is not a marriage performed by a justice of peace considered by the church as legal?

A.—For the very same reason that the church would refuse to accept a Mass gone through by the President of the United States as a true and real sacrifice. Marriage is a sacred ceremony. It was made by God and belongs exclusively to Him. Nowhere in the sacred records is a grant allowed to the State whereby control over the wedding ceremony is acquired. Without such a grant coming from God, who alone can bestow it, the State is an usurper in affecting to witness validly, marriage contracts. The Justice of the Peace is but an Agent of the State. He exceeds his rights when he endeavors to officiate at a wedding in a community amply provided by the church with ministers capable of assisting. He simply acts without authority, and the result of his action is without value.

Here, the whole Protestant world is insulted and defied. *Here*, the whole Catholic world is taught treason. *Here*, the American Catholics are given the same usurpatory theory of Papal Supremacy that caused all the horrible carnage of the Dark Ages.

The Church above the State!

The treason-microbe lurks in this fatal claim, that none but the Roman church can validate a marriage.

"God" never taught any such doctrine. Christianity never heard of it, until a thousand years after Christ. Then, the ambitious priests invented the "sacramental" marriage, just as they preached the necessity of Infant baptism, the necessity of private confession, the necessity for the belief in Transubstantiation, the necessity for priestly bachelorhood, and the necessity for Extreme Unction for the dying.

It was all manufactured by the priesthood for the purpose of rendering the priest indispensable, irresistible, and super-natural.

In connection with marriage, the word sacrament does not appear in the Bible.

The Apostle Paul referred to the mystery which is involved in the sexual relation of man and wife, producing in their offspring the physical and mental attributes of the parents; and it *is* a very great mystery, indeed.

But the priests mistranslate the Greek word for "mystery," and make it "sacrament," which is a different thing, altogether.

Marriage, among all races and in all ages, has been a civil contract; and neither the Old nor the New Testament places it upon any other plane.

Christ never said one word on the subject of the *ceremony* of marriage. His mother had presumably wedded Joseph, in the customary Jewish manner, and his sisters and brothers no doubt married in the same way.

None of the Gospels say one word about the form of the ceremony, nor about where it shall be celebrated, nor by whom. At the Cana wedding-feast, where Christ made wine for beverage, no mention is made of the formalities attending the marriage.

Inasmuch as the "sacramental" marriage of Catholics originated many hundreds of years after Christ, it follows that all previous Catholics had not known valid marriage, but had practised concubinage and filled the European world with bastards.

The State, which is the seat of Civil Power, must regulate marriages by law, in order that legal fathers may be ascertained, and the legal heirs of estates definitely known, to say nothing of the civil duties which the State imposes upon husband and wife, father and child, Guardian and ward, Trustees, Administrators, and Executors.

The Church formerly claimed exclusive control of all these matters; and, after centuries of bloody strife, her courts exercised jurisdiction over them.

One consequence of the Reformation was, that the State ousted the church from its usurped judicial functions, and established *civil laws*, controlling marriage, divorce, inheritance, and the administration of estates.

The great English statesman, W. E. Gladstone, realized the fatal consequences of Rome's recent determination to place her laws above the Civil Power, and he said in his book, on "Vaticanism:"

A grave charge is made against me respecting the matrimonia propositions; because I have cited the pope as condemning those who affirm that the matrimonial contract is binding whether there is or is not (according to the Roman Catholic doctrine) a sacrament, and have not at the same time stated that English marriages are held by Rome to be sacramental, and therefore valid.

No charge, serious or slight, could be more entirely futile. But it is serious, and not slight, and those who prompt the examination must abide the recoil. I begin thus:—

1. I am censured for not having given distinctions between one country and another, which the pope himself has not given.

2. And which are also thought unnecessary by authorized expounders of the Syllabus for the faithful.

I have before me the exposition with the text, of the Encyclia and Syllabus, published at Cologne in 1874, with the approval of authority **(mit oberkirchlicher Approbation)**.

In p. 45 it is distinctly taught that, **with marriage the state has nothing to do**; that it may safely rely on the church; that civil marriage in the eyes of the church, **is only concubinage**; and that the State, by the use of worldly compulsion, prevents the two concubinary parties from repenting and abandoning their guilty relation to one another. Exactly the same is the doctrine of the pope himself in his speeches published at Rome, where civil marriage is declared to be for Christians **nothing more than a mere concubinage and a filthy concubinage (sozzo concubinato)**.

These extraordinary declarations are not due to the fondness of the pontiff for speaking impromptu. In his letter of Sept. 19, 1852, to King Victor Emanuel, he declares that matrimony carrying the sacrament is alone lawful for Christians, and that a law of civil marriage constitutes a concubinage in the guise of legitimate marriage. So that, in truth, in all countries within the scope of these denunciations, the parties to a civil marriage are declared to be **living in an illicit connection**, which they are called upon to renounce. This call is addressed to them separately as well as jointly, the wife being summoned to leave her husband, and the husban dto abandon his wife; and after this pretended repentance from a state of sin, unless the law of the land and fear of consequences prevail, a new connection, under the name of a marriage, may be formed with the sanction of the Church of Rome. I know not by what infatuation it is that adversaries have compelled me thus to develop a state of facts created by the highest authorities of the Roman church, which I shall now not shrink from calling horrible and revolting in itself, dangerous to the morals of society, the structure of the family, and the peace of life.

It is true, indeed, that the two hunderd thousand non-Roman marriages which are annually celebrated in England, do not at present fall under the foul epithets of Rome. But why? Not because we marry, as I believe nineteen-twentieths of us marry, under the sanction of religion—for our marriages are, in the eye of the pope, **purely civil marriages,**—but only for the technical, accidental, and precarious reason that the disciplinary decrees of Trent are not canonically in force in this country. I apprehend that there is nothing, unless it be motives of mere policy, to prevent the pope from putting them into force here when he pleases. If and when that is done, every marriage thereafter concluded in the English church will, according to his own words, be a filthy concubinage.

But what claim of right have we to be treated better than others? The Tridentine decrees have force, I understand, in Italy, France, Germany, Austria, Poland, Hungary. If so, every civil marriage in those countries, and every religious marriage not contracted before a Roman **Parochus**, as the Council of Trent requires, is but the formation of a guilty connection, which each of the parties severally is charged by the Church of Rome to dissolve, under pain of being held to be in mortal sin.

Mr. Gladstone's book was published a year or so after the Vatican Decrees of 1870; and *before* the Tridentine decrees had been extended by the Popes to Great Britain and the United States.

At the time Mr. Gladstone wrote his indignant protest, he apparently had no idea that Rome would, in another 40 years become so insolent in power as to put England and America in the same papal class with Austria, Poland, Hungary and other priest-ridden lands.

Under the Pope's law, as now enforced in England, Mr. Gladstone's own relation with his wife was that of

"filthy concubinage," and President Woodrow Wilson is living at the White House "in an illicit connection" with the lovely and accomplished Virginia lady whom *Protestants and patriots* call his "wife."

ONLY THE TRAITORS OF ROME CALL MRS. WOODROW WILSON A CONCUBINE!

The claims now put forth by the Italian pope, through the Archbishop of Cincinnati, Cardinal Farley, and the Brooklyn *Tablet* is the attempted resurrection of a Papal supremacy which was supposed to have been suppressed forever by the English Reformation of the 16th century.

If this monstrous Papal claim is persisted in, no earthly power can save our Republic from a religious war between law-abiding Protestants, and law-defying Romanists.

The pope's infamous *Ne temere* decree of 1908 will always mark the beginning of the approaching clash between Rome's law and American law.

The Pittsburg *Observer* is the organ of the Roman bishop, Canevin: it thus eulogizes a State officer of a Southern State who, *being a sworn servant of the Civil law*, spurned it, and obeyed instead the law of the pope of Rome:

An esteemed contemporary has given merited recognition and praise to a Missouri judge for the robust Catholicity which he recently displayed in his court.

He is Miles Bulger, presiding judge of the Jackson County Court. The "Register" of Kansas City says that a couple who asked him lately to marry them were disappointed. "My religion," he explained, "teaches me that I have no right to perform the sacred ceremony of marriage.

Allegheny County, Pa., in which this big, progressive city of Pittsburg is situated, has a resident who took a similar stand many years ago after he had been elected a justice of the peace. He lives on his large farm near West View; and his name is Patrick Martin, an alumnus of the old Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost.

"If," our contemporary observes, "the marriage question in this country is ever to be solved, the principles of the Catholic Church alone can effect the solution. And it is edifying to find that laymen occupying public offices are not backward in openly affirming her doctrine regarding marriage."

Do you Catholic Laymen imagine that your pope-ruled priests can peacefully ignore *our* laws and enforce those of a foreign potentate?

Are we not to have peace, except at the price of an ignominous surrenler to a foreign church?

Our forefathers repelled foreign control, when it emanated from a King: do you suppose that we are so degenerate that we will meekly submit to the foreign control of an Italian priest?

If so, *undeceive yourselves!*

We will not bend to *any* foreign yoke, kingly or priestly.

We are going to govern this country, *here.*

We are going to make the laws, and those laws are made for *all.*

You must obey them, *as other citizens do!*

We will not allow you to select what laws you will obey: *you will obey all of them.*

On no other terms, can you continue to exercise all the privileges of citizenship.

The Italian pope did not invest you with citizenship: *the State did it.*

The pope does not protect you in life, liberty, and property: *the State does it.*

The pope does not even protect you from disturbance in your religious worship: *the State does it.*

Do you think it reasonable for you to expect the State to raise no objection, when you challenge her upon the vital matter of applying all her laws to all her citizens?

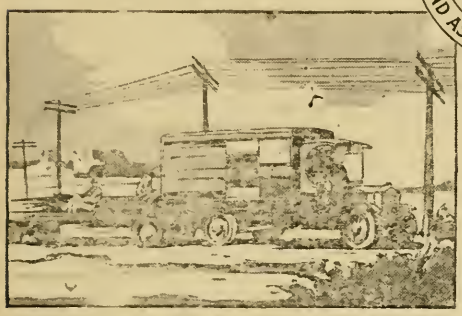
Do you expect no opposition, when you take the stand of a favored class, *exempt from some of our laws?*

THINK IT OVER! DO IT NOW!

If you follow such seditious prelates as Farley, O'Connell, Gibbons, Keiley and their ilk, you are headed for trouble.

Two codes of law, differing from each other, cannot live together peaceably, *anywhere.*

Your Italian code drenched Europe in human blood, and brought the Dark



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Ages upon mankind: do you want a repetition of that medieval tragedy?

Your priests do, but do *you?*

The Roman Catholic religion has no divine mission to make traitors: the priests do *that;* and they do it for purposes which are the reverse of divine.

Be warned in time. If you really want peace, the price is easy: *obey our laws, and quit persecuting Protestants.*

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TIME TO GET BUSY

The season is now here when the fruit tree salesman should be putting in some of his best work. The best canvassing months are May, June and July. Good work can sometimes be done earlier, and sometimes later, but these three months are the very best. We still have open some territory and shall be glad to hear from parties interested in this class of work.

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For April, 1917

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Quickly transforms the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and pallid cheeks of weak, anaemic men and women into a perfect glow of health and beauty—Often increases the strength of delicate, nervous, run-down folks 100 per cent. in two weeks' time.

IT is conservatively estimated that over three million people annually in this country alone are taking Nuxated Iron. Such astonishing results have been reported from its use both by doctors and laymen, that a number of physicians in various parts of the country have been asked to explain why they prescribe it so extensively, and why it apparently produces so much better results than were obtained from the old forms of inorganic iron.

Extracts from some of the letters received are given below:

Dr. Ferdinand King, a New Yory Physician and Author, says: "There can be no vigorous iron men without iron."

Pallor means anaemia.

Anaemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anaemic men and women is pale. The flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails and they often become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks. In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste-pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked is responsible for another grave iron loss.

Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt.

Dr. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied both in this country and in great European Medical Institutions, says: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or rundown, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now diei every year from pneumoonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood."

"Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give im a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with a blood pressure of a boy of twenty and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 40 he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in—now at 50, after taking nuxated iron a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth.

Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly-looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron.

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring mater in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE—Nuxated iron which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 200 per cent. or over in four weeks' time provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.